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THE SOLDIER'S TENT.

ACROSS the mountains the mist hath drawn
A cov'ring of bridal white.
The plains afar make lament and mourn
That the flutt'ring veil, of the mist-wreaths born,
Hath hidden the mountains from sight.

The soldier lay smiling peacefully
Asleep in his tent on the sward,
The Moon crept in and said: "Look at me,
A glance from thy sweetheart I bring to thee!"
But he answered: "I have my sword."

Then the rustling Wind drew softly near,
Breathed round him with whispers light:
"I am the sighs of thy mother dear,
The sighs of thy mother am I, dost hear?"
But he answered: "I have the fight."

Then Night sank down from the dark'ning sky
Round the sleeper, and murmured: "Rest!
Thy sweetheart's veil on thy face doth lie."
He answered: "No need of it have I,
For the banner doth cover me best."

The River came rolling, clear and wide,
By the tent, with its silver flood ;
And said : " I am water, the cleansing tide,
More blessèd than aught in the world beside."
But he answered : " I have my blood."

Then Sleep drew near to his tent, and low
She whispered with soothing breath :
" I am Sleep, the healer of ev'ry woe,
The dearest treasure of man below."
But the soldier replied : " I have Death ! "

Across the mountains the mist hath drawn
A cov'ring of bridal white.
The plains afar make lament and mourn
That the flutt'ring veil, of the mist-wreaths born,
Hath hidden the mountains from sight.

CARMEN SYLVA.

SWEATING: THE TWO REPORTS.

THE value of the final Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire into the Sweating System was discounted by the non-appearance at the same time of the proceedings in committee. A few days since, the loss was, to a certain extent, repaired by the appearance of the missing matter; and the public are now in possession of Lord Dunraven's draft, which we have his authority for saying was circulated in July last year, about a fortnight after the Committee had ceased to take evidence.

So much secresy has been maintained in respect to that document that I propose to give a short account of its career so as to enable my readers to trace its wanderings until its reappearance in perhaps a more elaborate form, but with *some important alterations*, as the final report of the Committee.

The draft, it seems, was first laid before their lordships on August 5th, when, on the motion of Lord Thring, its further consideration was postponed. Soon after the opening of Parliament this Session the Committee was reappointed to consider the evidence and report thereon to the House. At the first sitting Lord Dunraven's draft was again brought up, when it was moved "That the report prepared by the Chairman be considered." The motion was lost. Contents, 1: non-contents, 10. Seeing that the same Committee had expressed a wish to further consider his draft, Lord Dunraven must have been somewhat surprised when "after discussion,"—I take the words from the Blue-book—the motion was resolved in the negative, he himself being the only "content."

It is, of course, impossible to tell what had been passing through the minds of the "non-contents" on the subject during the six

months the report was in their possession, but it is quite evident that some influence had been at work and that the noble lords had gathered themselves together on this occasion with the intention of retiring from the position of "further consideration" which they had so nobly taken up when the same document was before them last Session, perhaps with the view of putting themselves right with the public upon the question of delay. To the uninitiated in the mysteries of Parliamentary procedure the words "after discussion" seem to be somewhat out of place when read together with the fact that the sitting in question only lasted for about two hours, during which time the Committee were called upon to express an opinion upon another draft report prepared by Lord Thring. This document has apparently escaped the attention of the compiler of the minutes. Seeing, however, that it was resolved in the affirmative to substitute the same for Lord Dunraven's draft, its omission from the Blue-book is singularly unfortunate.

Just about this date it was rumoured in well-informed circles that Lord Thring desired to recommend:

That workshops, including domestic workshops, situated in towns containing more than 5,000 inhabitants should be under the inspection of officers appointed by the County Council of each county:

That workshops, including domestic workshops, in towns of less than 5,000 inhabitants, should be under the inspection of officers to be appointed eventually by the District Councils, and, until the District Councils are established, by the sanitary authorities:

That it should be the duty of any occupier of a workshop or domestic workshop to give notice of its existence to the inspector, when such workshop or domestic workshop is situated in a town of 5,000 inhabitants and upwards:

That the inspection carried on by officers appointed by the Government should be placed under the direction of the Board of Trade, instead of under the Home Office: and

That the information obtained by the factory inspectors should be at the disposal and under the control of the Board of Trade, in order that the Statistical Department of that Board

might be kept fully informed as to all particulars relating to factories and workshops.

Perhaps these were the recommendations contained in the missing draft. At any rate, it needs but the power of comparison to see that they find no place in the second draft report which, according to the minutes, was prepared by Lord Thring and laid by him before the Committee on April 17th.*

With these preliminary remarks I turn to the Report of the Committee in its final shape, and proceed to examine in what way it resembles and in what way it differs from Lord Dunraven's draft.

First as to form. So far as form goes, to the casual reader the two reports seem much alike. They are divided into the same sections and bear the same sub-headings. Even the number of paragraphs almost agree. Yet in spite of these striking similarities the more observant critic can scarcely fail to detect two important differences. Lord Dunraven, when he quotes the evidence, not only gives the witnesses some designation, but puts their statements, when taken verbatim, in inverted commas. The Committee are content with prefacing their epitome of the evidence with the remark that "it should be understood, where the contrary is not stated, that the abstract of the evidence throughout the Report expresses merely the opinions of witnesses named in the margin," a course which has, unfortunately, resulted in their jumbling up the whole thing to such an extent that it is often extremely difficult to tell what is intended for the opinion of a witness and what for that of the Committee; while, instead of the text always representing the "opinions of the witnesses named in the margin," the two are often at variance. In a report of this kind marginal references are of great value and should accurately support the opinions advanced. This laxity on the part of the Committee seriously detracts from the value of their report. Lord Dunraven's draft compares very favourably in that respect. Not only is his choice of witnesses in many respects superior to that of the Committee, but the points made in evidence are accurately brought out in his text.

* This draft will be found at p. ciii. of the Fifth Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Sweating System.

The other noticeable difference is that Lord Dunraven, following the example set by the judges in the Parnell Commission, sums up as he goes along, giving an opinion in each case where there is a conflict of evidence; the Committee, on the other hand, as a rule offer no opinion in the body of their report, but leave their paraphrasing to represent the case. To this rule, however, we find here and there an exception, and the exception is sometimes made when the view represented coincides with the judgment ultimately pronounced. An example of this treatment will be found in the account given of the Tailoring trade at Newcastle, where the Committee end their *précis* by saying that "foreign immigration does not materially affect this part of the country," an opinion closely coinciding with their finding that "undue stress has been laid on the injurious effect on wages earned by foreign immigration."

Let me now pass on to the *précis* of the evidence. The first striking omissions from the Committee's Report are Lord Dunraven's preliminary remarks upon sweating as influenced by the middleman or sub-contractor, sweating as influenced by competition, and sweating as influenced by immigration.

With respect to the first point it is to some extent—only in a *contra* sense—dealt with by the Committee in the first four paragraphs of their "conclusions and recommendations." It is obvious, however, that the various definitions given in evidence could have nothing whatever to do with the lines upon which the inquiry was based, as such preliminaries must have been settled, if not beforehand, at any rate after Mr. Arnold White's opening. The Committee could have had little to guide them as to their course other than Mr. Burnett's report to the Board of Trade upon the sweating system at the East End of London, which report, it will be remembered, formed the basis of Lord Dunraven's original motion in the House of Lords that led to the appointment of the Committee. Now, after reading that report it is difficult to see how the Committee could get over the connection of sub-contracting with sweating. Still more difficult is it to understand why Lord Dunraven, who was Chairman of the Committee, and I should have thought would have known a little of its working, should state that "In so far as it [sweating] signifies a system, it may be expressed, *as*

far as this inquiry is concerned, as a development of sub-contracting and of the sub-division of work," and yet the other members of the Committee come to the conclusion "that the middleman is the consequence, not the cause of the evil: the instrument, not the hand which gives motion to the instrument which does the mischief."

With regard to the second matter, the Committee and their former Chairman appear to entertain entirely opposite opinions. The Report is silent upon the effect of the native movements of labour, whilst as to the foreign element the Committee apparently look upon the question as having little to do with the subject under review. As to the connection of competition with sweating, it would seem the Committee are of opinion that competition only enters into sweating in the form of "an excessive supply of unskilled labour."

Comparing the manner of dealing with the Tailoring trade in the two reports, we find that the Committee put a somewhat different complexion to that of Lord Dunraven upon the evidence of Miss Potter, a young lady whose experience in the trade, including her training, did not, according to her own evidence, extend to a month's practical work, and omit altogether the letter from Mr. Clark, the secretary of the West London District of the Amalgamated Society of Journeymen Tailors, and any reference to the evidence offered respecting tailoring at the West End of London. As to the provincial evidence the two reports are very similar, except that the Committee adopt a different paraphrasing of the Birmingham witnesses to that of Lord Dunraven and leave out his remarks upon the effect of foreign immigration at Leeds.

Passing on to "Shirt-making and Seamstresses," we find Lord Dunraven's review of the evidence much curtailed by the Committee, and his last two paragraphs omitted.

We now come to Bootmaking. Here the material difference between the two reports is that the Committee support the manufacturers' view, and Lord Dunraven apparently accepts the version of the employed. As an example, let us take the Committee's conclusion: "We feel ourselves unable, on the evidence before us, to express any opinion as to the course of prices in the lower branches of the boot trade. In the higher branches we have the satisfaction

of believing that the work done is as good and the wages as high as ever they were. 'No foreigner,' said Mr. Maddy, 'can take a boot and finish it all through like an Englishman,' and Mr. Tillett observes that 'the best workmen in France are Englishmen in boot-making.'"

Why, I would ask, if upon the evidence of Maddy, a manufacturer's foreman, and Tillett, a dock labourer, the Committee are satisfied that the prices in the higher branches are as high as ever they were, are they unable to form an opinion from A. B., a boot finisher, who had been in the trade twenty-eight years, and said that "twenty-eight years ago the lowest price was 5d., from 5d. up to 8d. for finishing a pair (boots), and now it is come down to be from 2½d. to 3½d. a pair"? Had the Committee desired corroboration of the fact that prices have gone down in the lower branches of the boot trade they might have found it in the evidence of C. D., a laster, Wildman, a boot finisher of ten years' standing, and Solomon Rosenberg, another boot finisher who said, "the last seven years we have found the trade get worse and worse."

Much evidence was taken regarding the Docks, but the Committee, probably with a view of not giving the dock labourers a further advertisement, have suppressed their entire case. The omission is to be regretted, if only on the ground that the evidence proves that the grievances laid before the Committee are identical with the grievances which culminated in the late strike. Lord Dunraven, on the other hand, lays the whole matter before us, and his history, although somewhat lengthy and disconnected, must afford pleasant reading to the dockers and their supporters.

In the Nail and Chain making trades the Committee have practically adopted Lord Dunraven's draft *en bloc*, but in the matter of Government contracts the case is very different; the Committee omit all the evidence which goes to prove the length to which sub-letting and sub-contracting in Government work has gone, but then it must be remembered that in the one case the people are poor and the industry small, whereas in the other the people are rich and the industry large.

Passing over the abstract of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1878, and the Public Health Act, 1875, we arrive at the Com-

mittee's conclusions, which may be said to be comprised in the first sixteen paragraphs. These differ from Lord Dunraven mainly in the causes of sweating. The Committee say that sub-contracting, foreign immigration, and the race for cheapness have little or nothing to do with sweating, while Lord Dunraven maintains that those factors play an important part in the system.

And now we come to the recommendations which, in order to make sufficiently clear, I have epitomised and arranged in tabular form. It will, therefore, be easy for the reader to see how far the same are in accordance with Lord Dunraven's draft, and how far they coincide with the recommendations in the Report.

Recommendations contained in the Report of Committee.	*Recommendations contained in Lord Dunraven's Draft.*
All workplaces included under the classes Factories, Workshops, and Domestic Workshops, to be treated for sanitary purposes as factories, and treated under the factory law.	All workplaces in which three or more persons are at work to be inspected.
County Councils to have control of sanitary inspection.	The sanitary laws to be consolidated, combined with measures to secure united action between the sanitary authorities.
Means to be devised to enable sanitary inspectors to discover owners of insanitary workplaces and houses.	The powers and staff of sanitary inspectors to be increased.
Names and addresses of home workers to be kept by occupier of factory or workroom for authorised inspection.	
Staff of factory inspectors to be increased but assistants possessing technical knowledge unnecessary.	Additional factory inspectors to be appointed and proportion of the staff of factory inspectors to be drawn from men possessing technical knowledge of trades to be inspected.
Inspectors to have power to enter all workplaces without warrant, at reasonable times.	Section 69 in Factory and Workshop Act, 1878, which places restriction on the entry of the inspector in certain cases, to be repealed.

Workplaces to be registered by owners, or notice given to inspector of their establishment or discontinuance.

The different Government departments concerned with matters relating to labour to be brought into closer relation with each other.

The Truck Acts to be more strictly enforced.

Greater care to be taken in selecting the best men as viewers of Government work, and a stricter supervision to be exercised over their conduct.

Efforts to contend with the evils of sweating to be taken by Government Departments and Municipal and other bodies.

Working the "oliver" over a certain weight by women and girls to be prohibited.

Making chains with iron over a certain thickness by women and girls to be prohibited.

Technical education for all classes of artisans to be encouraged.

All workplaces in which three or more persons are at work to be compulsorily registered by occupiers.

The duties of attending to matters affecting the working classes now divided between the Foreign Office, Home Office, Colonial Office, Board of Trade, and Board of Works, to be concentrated in one State Department of Industry.

The Truck Acts and the Act for the Prevention of Payment of Wages in Public-houses to be more rigorously enforced.

The very best men to be secured as viewers of Government work, and careful supervision to be maintained over them.

The authorities at the War Office and Admiralty to guard against the maintenance of the sweating system by the Government, and Municipal authorities to discourage employment of sweating firms.

The use of the "oliver" by women to be prohibited.

A restriction to be placed on the size of the iron used in the manufacture of nails and chains by women and girls.

Technical education, elementary and otherwise, to be developed.

Our Consuls abroad to afford information in their respective districts as to the true condition of the labour market in England, especially in connection with the sweated trades, with a view to the deflection of immigration from these shores.

The provisions of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1878, dealing with female labour, to be rigidly enforced.

Dock labour to be brought under inspection, and legal responsibility for accident in all cases to rest with the dock companies.

To criticise the recommendations in either case it is necessary to remind the reader that the chief point brought out in evidence is the necessity of dealing in some way or other with workplaces which at present do not come under the factory law, so as to prevent the same being used as sweating dens, and the inmates thereof from competing with their fellow workers in workshops that are subject to the Factory Act.

Now, the only recommendations in the Report that will in any way assist to lessen such evils are the recommendations that workplaces included under the description Factories, Workshops, and Domestic Workshops should be treated for sanitary purposes in the same way as factories, and that inspectors should have the power to enter all workplaces within their jurisdiction at reasonable times without a warrant. But these recommendations are insufficient, and fail to cope with the difficulties except in so far as sanitation is concerned; and even then they do not go far enough, for why should workplaces where men only are at work not be subject to similar regulations? At present the law imposes no sanitary regulations under the factory law in places other than factories where men only work, although all workplaces, it must be remembered, are subject to the sanitary laws of the local authorities.

In Lord Dunraven's recommendations we have more efficient remedies proposed, remedies that, if properly applied, should have the effect desired. I allude more particularly to the recommendation that all workplaces in *which three or more persons work, whether they are set up in private dwellings or in buildings erected for the purpose, should be compulsorily registered and inspected*, and to the proposed amendment of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1878, by the repeal of Section 69, which places restriction on the inspection of domestic workshops. Even these sweeping reforms, however, will

not meet the case unless all the exceptions in Section 61 of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1878, are likewise repealed, the clause dealing with exemption of certain home work in Section 98 of the same Act remodelled, and the powers of inspectors increased so as to allow of their entering *by day and night* any place which they have reasonable cause to believe to be a workplace such as Lord Dunraven describes. Further, the expression "family" must be defined.

No doubt if Lord Dunraven had been allowed the opportunity of discussing his recommendations with the Committee these omissions would have been discovered and remedied, while it is not too much to believe that under similar circumstances some notice would have been taken of the oft-repeated suggestion that the exceptions should be repealed which prevent the factory inspector from interfering in the case of workshops where women only are employed, to the extent of seeing they have their four and a-half hours for meals and rest from work. This point has been entirely omitted in both reports, as has also the suggestion that a minimum as well as a maximum penalty should be inflicted in cases where the law is infringed.

So much for the reports. We now await the result of the informal committee composed of legislators, employers, and employed, sitting to examine into somewhat similar questions, and with the three documents before the public it is possible the Government may see fit to increase the number of inspectors and give us an amended Factory and Workshop Act.

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.

FOR more than a hundred years the spirit of our Western civilisation has knocked at the door of the Moslem world in Asia without being able to show any striking result, or a result which can be called adequate to the efforts made. The reasons of this comparative failure are manifold and have been frequently discussed; but there is, nevertheless, one main cause which has not been duly considered. This is the relation between the people and their princes in Mohammedan Asia, a relation which is quite peculiar; for free and independent public opinion does not exist in Asiatic society, and the masses, accustomed to follow blindly their leaders, accept only the innovations and reforms of which their rulers or ruling classes have furnished an example. Hence the axiom: Look at the prince and you will know his people; and hence the undeniable fact that all the changes effected by our Western culture upon the various peoples in Mohammedan Asia are nothing but the reflex of those produced on the individuality of the respective princes.

In the list of the said princes Sultan Abdul Hamid occupies the foremost place, inasmuch as Turkey can justly be described as the Mohammedan country most advanced on the path of modern civilisation; a circumstance mainly due to the efforts of the present Sultan. It is about thirty-one years since, whilst living in the house of the late Rifaat Pasha, in Constantinople, that I was called upon one day to give the first rudimentary lessons in French to Fatma Sultan, a daughter of Abdul Medjid, and the wife of Ali Ghalib Pasha, living at that time in a *yali* (summer residence) on the European side of the Bosphorus. The way in which I imparted the first notions of that foreign tongue to the Imperial lady was

certainly a peculiar one. My pupil was seated behind a curtain in the harem; in fact, I never saw her face, and having been ushered into a room belonging to the Mabeyin (the intervening portion between the harem and selamlik) I strove to do my best to fulfil my duty by reading a sentence or two in Turkish translated into French, which I heard repeated by a soft, feminine voice behind the curtain. It was while engaged in this somewhat strange mode of teaching that I made the acquaintance of a young prince, about sixteen years old, called Hamid Effendi, who, on a visit to the house of his favourite sister, used to attend my lessons, and with his pure Oriental face and expressive eyes had attracted my attention. I hardly spoke to him, for it is against Oriental etiquette to address a prince, but his countenance and his reserved and dignified manners left an indelible trace on my memory.

Nearly thirty years had passed when, after a long absence from the East, I again visited the Turkish capital. Great changes had taken place in the Ottoman Empire, as well as in my own life. We both had grown older, and when the present ruler of the valiant, but sadly misunderstood, Turkish people expressed the desire to make the personal acquaintance of the European who had devoted his whole life to the language, history, and ethnology of the Turkish race, I was not at all surprised that the shrewd prince did not recognise at once the quondam *Topal Khodja*, *i.e.*, lame teacher, as I was usually called. A short recapitulation of bygone events, however, sufficed to revive dimmed memory. I had a long and interesting conversation with Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose career I had attentively followed, and I can thus say something about the personal character of that greatest and most influential amongst Mohammedan rulers, a prince who in the future is destined to play a delicate and important part in the history of our times, and who is, I am sorry to say, so often misunderstood by the public in general as well as by the political world.

Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan, now in his forty-eighth year, unites in his character the leading features of his grandfather, Sultan Mahmud, and of his father, Sultan Abdul Medjid. From the former he has inherited unbounded zeal and activity; from the latter a rare degree of affability and kindness of heart. I do not exag-

gerate in stating that history can hardly show an Oriental prince so distinguished by untiring love of work and untiring energy as the present Sultan of Turkey. From early morning till late at night he is engaged in State affairs; and he not only examines every important matter, but occupies himself also with minor details, and pays attention to petty questions, to the detriment of his health and the course of government. I found him one day on his *canapé*, having at his right a large pile of Turkish newspapers, together with translations from the foreign Press; and on his left several bundles of State papers, submitted for his perusal and ultimate decision. Whilst talking to me he continually glanced to right and left, betraying an anxiety to go through his papers, and I became fully convinced of the truth of what I heard from Sureya Pasha, his first secretary, that he had never put his signature to a paper he had not read and considered carefully. Of course, with such a painstaking and searching ruler, the power of the Ministers is very limited, and the present statesmen of Turkey have naturally dwindled down to weak and helpless officials. This is certainly the reverse of the medal, but it must not be ascribed entirely to suspicion and want of confidence, as is generally assumed in the diplomatic circles of Pera and in the leading circles of Europe. A prince who witnessed the dethronement of two of his predecessors; who, by his shrewdness and sagacity, has carefully studied the intrigues of the Palace and of the Eastern official world; who knows that in his foreign relations everybody is against him and nobody for him—such a prince it is hardly fair to reproach with excessive caution and scrupulousness, or to ask to submit implicitly and unconditionally to his surroundings. As one of the few Europeans whom the Sultan has favoured with his confidence, I have been often asked whether his experience and information are equal to his activity, and whether he does not overrate his capabilities. Well, candidly speaking, I must say that the education of Sultan Abdul Hamid, like that of all Oriental princes, was defective, very defective indeed; but an iron will, great judgment, and rare acuteness have made good this shortcoming, and now he not only knows the multifarious relations and intricacies of his own much-tried Empire, but is thoroughly conversant with European politics, and I am not going too far in stat-

ing that it has been solely the moderation and self-restraint of Sultan Abdul Hamid which have saved us hitherto from a general European conflagration. During the late Bulgarian troubles he was asked by Russia and by the Central European Powers to validate his rights in Eastern Roumelia by an armed intervention, but keeping in view the adage, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, he answered with the Arab saying: "Peace is the best of all judges," and acquiesced in one of the most crying acts of injustice rather than appeal to arms,

As to his personal character, I have found the present ruler of the Ottoman Empire of great politeness, amiability, and extreme gentleness. Always anxious to disarm his declared enemies by civilities, he is particularly grateful to those who have been attached to him for a long time, and as to his politeness towards European ladies visiting his Court he fully deserves the title of the *Rè galant' uomo* of the East. When sitting opposite him during my private interviews I could not avoid being struck by his extremely modest attitude, by his quiet manners, and by the bashful look of his eyes. He carefully avoids in conversation all allusion to his position as a ruler, and when unavoidably obliged to mention the beginning of his reign, he invariably says, "Since I came to this place——." Whether his behaviour be the outcome of his personal character, or the result of his conviction of the changes produced by the democratic tendencies of our age, even in the East, we need not inquire. Suffice it to say, that Sultan Abdul Hamid is the very personification of a *roi bourgeois*, who is anxious to do away with all the encumbering etiquette of Oriental Court life, and who likes to show himself plain, civil, and unaffected to his visitors. Even to scenes of Oriental pageantry, inseparable from Royalty in the East, he has imparted more than one feature of modern European Court life. He drives himself at the official parades, his dress is scrupulously plain, he has discarded the aigrette worn on the *fez* by his predecessors as a sign of Royalty, and it is only at the Imperial State dinners that luxury, but not greater than that usual at Western Courts, is exhibited. The highly-finished plate is of pure gold and silver, the ornaments are rare masterpieces of jewellery, the dishes of exquisite French cookery, and although every

guest has before him several glasses, it is only the non-Mohammedan to whom the servants serve wine. The Sultan and his Mohammedan guests drink only water. On such occasions the Sultan, often having at his right and left European ladies, shows particular politeness and amiability, for in the art of conquering his guests by signs of particular favour Abdul Hamid is really incomparable. On one occasion I was presented with a dish of strawberries, laid out in various lines according to the different shadings of the fruit, headed by a bit of paper bearing the inscription, "From the plants reared by the hand of his Majesty." On another occasion the servant brought me an apple and a peach of extraordinary beauty, and I had a gracious nod from the Sultan, whilst during my last invitation to his table I was greatly struck to hear Hungarian national music played by the Imperial band in the adjoining saloon, and on looking round a servant accosted me with a message from his Majesty that the Hungarian airs had been studied by the band by special order for that evening.

As a ruler I found Sultan Abdul Hamid quite an exception to his *chers frères* in the East, and in some respects in advance of some of our European princes. A monarch who sits down with his Minister of Finance, ready to spend several hours in revising accounts, in devising new measures, and in examining most scrupulously minute details, is certainly a rarity. "We are all tired and exhausted," said one of the Ministers to me, "but the Sultan never is, and if he yields to our entreaties it is only for our sakes and not for his own." There are from five to ten chamberlains and officers passing continually between his private rooms and the office of his first secretary, Sureya Pasha, who has to *send in*, viz., to present, every private letter and every document arriving at the palace. The Sultan, owing to his extraordinary memory recollects events long ago forgotten by his Ministers. The past of ten or fifteen years is as fresh in his mind as if it were but yesterday; and, in spite of the twenty-one years which have elapsed since his visit to Europe, he still remembers vividly the streets, public places, and buildings of the chief towns, as well as the dresses and features of the persons he met, with an accuracy which is really

astounding. Good memory is for the rest peculiar to gifted Asiatics, but the characteristic which distinguishes Sultan Abdul Hamid from other Eastern princes is decidedly the modern tone of his views on religion, politics, and education. A firm believer in the tenets of his religion, he likes to assemble round him the foremost Mollahs and pious Sheiks, upon whom he profusely bestows Imperial favours; but he does not forget to send from time to time presents to the Greek and Armenian patriarchates, and nothing is more ludicrous than to hear this prince accused by a certain class of politicians in Europe of being a fanatic and an enemy to Christians: a prince who, by appointing a Christian for his chief medical attendant, and a Christian for his Minister of Finance (I mean Mavrogeni and Agob Pashas), did not hesitate to entrust most important duties to non-Mohammedans. As a further proof of his toleration we may refer to the fact that Sultan Abdul Hamid is the first Ottoman ruler in whose hospitality not only European princes and ambassadors and distinguished visitors from the West, but his own Christian subjects, amply partake. He is the first Ottoman ruler who has publicly encouraged the art of painting and of sculpture, in spite of those arts being strictly forbidden by orthodox Mohammedanism, and during one of my visits he pointed with a certain pride to two pictures in his saloon as having been painted by Moslem pupils brought up in the School of Art at Stamboul. These two pictures represent Soyüd, the place in Asia Minor where the Ottoman Empire was founded, and the mausoleum of its first ruler, namely Sultan Osman. As another instance of the Sultan's liberal views I may mention the foundation of a museum, where statues illustrating the Greek mythology are exhibited, statues held in horror by pious Mohammedans, and to look at which even is a deadly sin according to the prescripts of the Koran.

What Sultan Abdul Hamid has done for the instruction and enlightenment of his people is the admiration of every one who visits Turkey. It is not my intention to recapitulate here what I said last year in London in a public lecture delivered in Exeter Hall, but devoting continual attention to this subject I can state with full confidence that if the Turks continue steadily on the way inaugurated by their present ruler, and if political com-

plication does not offer any hindrance, they will soon reach a level of culture by which they may secure a firm basis of mental and economical development and future political existence. "It is for this purpose," said the Sultan one day to me, "that peace is now the object of my desire; peace alone can cure the manifold evils and shortcomings of the past; order and security can only be introduced by civil officers trained and educated in the school of modern social and political life." In accordance with these views it is gratifying to find at present hundreds, nay, thousands, of young Turks earnestly striving to acquire the rudiments of the European languages and science. A new spirit has taken hold of the whole people; the language and literature have undergone an essential change: whilst I am writing this paper, I have on my table various Turkish books and treatises on social economy, history, astronomy, geography, &c., which are sent to me for review, and some of which are really admirable. Of course there is much, very much, to be done yet in the way of public instruction, for the great bulk of the people is totally ignorant and neglected, but educational progress does not permit of leaps and bounds, and we are only doing justice to the praiseworthy efforts of Sultan Abdul Hamid in mentioning that he is sincerely bent upon the amelioration and the mental development of his subjects.

Where the actual ruler of Turkey meets with the sharpest criticism is decidedly in his policy of holding aloof from all alliance with any of the European Governments, and the somewhat rigid measures he applies in the home rule of his country. As to the former, we have to consider before all the rather doubtful effect of close alliances in the past and the danger in the future. Quite recent historical events have shown that the Porte had more to suffer from the hands of her so-called friends and well-wishers than from the aggressions of her old enemy. These deplorable results have quite naturally roused suspicion and a well-justified cautiousness, and we cannot wonder if Ottoman statesmen for a long time hence hesitate to cast in the lot of their country with any of those dubious allies, and prefer to protect the interests of the Empire according to their own notions and at their own discretion. In fact, they cannot risk any other new experiment, for another war of

the same issue as the last one would deprive Turkey altogether of any choice and ruin her entirely.

As to the second objection raised against the personal rule of the Sultan, and particularly against the police system spread like a net over the whole Empire, I beg to remind the reader that Turkey is an Eastern country, composed of men of different creeds and nationalities, who abhor each other and are ready to fall upon each other at the slightest loosening of the grip of the Government; in fact, of Orientals easily excited and fanaticised, who cannot stand comparison with Western people accustomed to liberal institutions. Only dreamers, ignorant of the cruel testimony of practical life, could think that a free Constitution would fill up at once the gulf deepened by many centuries of religious animosity and widened by the hard rule of the conqueror over the conquered. No! such a thing would be even in Europe a sheer impossibility. And in reference to the charge of ruthless despotism laid upon Sultan Abdul Hamid, I will quote his own words. He said to me one day: "In Europe the soil was prepared centuries ago for liberal institutions; and now I am asked to transplant a sapling to the foreign, stony, and rugged ground of Asiatic life. Let me clear away the thistles and stones, let me till the soil and provide for irrigation, because rain is very scarce in Asia, and then we may transport the new plant, and, believe me, nobody will be more delighted at its thriving than myself." As to the much rebuked police system and to the host of spies paid by the Sultan, I beg to remind the reader that this host exists only in the fertile imagination of the inhabitants of Pera and Galata, and perhaps also in the brain of Turkish Nihilists, for that species is likewise represented on the Bosphorus. In Pera and Galata, those gathering-places of European adventurers, the most absurd rumours are credited and thence diffused over Europe; in fact, these goodly representatives of our kith and kin could hardly exist without inventing bewildering and startling news, if for no other purpose than to furnish material for hungry newspaper correspondents and credulous diplomatists. In some Pera circles they told me of twelve hundred, in others of sixteen hundred, spies paid by the Sultan. Spies are suspected in all classes of foreign and native society, on the tramway, in the church, in the public garden,

and even in one's bedroom; but, on inquiring closely into this matter, need I say that the whole was a gross exaggeration, and that secret agents are employed only by certain Court officials in furtherance of their dirty dealings and intrigues, which are well watched by the Sultan, but which can hardly be frustrated by him so easily as people in Europe imagine.

It would lead me too far indeed were I to dwell on all the absurdities spread in Europe respecting the personality and the government of the present Sultan. I am fully aware of having exposed myself through these lines to the charge of being a flatterer, and of seeing everything in roseate colours. Well, the discrepancy between my experiences and those of others will be easily explained by a proper estimate of the different means of observation at my disposal. Turkey is separated only by a few days' railway journey from Europe, but the Turks themselves are as distant from, and as inaccessible to, Europeans as they were centuries ago. Let us approach them well armed with linguistical and historical information and without preconceived notions or prejudices, and I am sure the experience of many travellers will tally with my own. Foreign visitors to Turkey will then learn that a talented, gifted, and patriotic ruler like Sultan Abdul Hamid can accelerate the march of civilisation, but cannot work wonders by transforming suddenly an Asiatic society into a European one. We did not emerge suddenly from the gloomy shadows of mediæval barbarism and ignorance into our present state, and we cannot expect Asiatics and Mohammedans to do a work in decades for which we required centuries. We must not shut our eyes to the deplorable conditions under which Turkey is labouring; we must not lose sight of ruined villages, neglected roads, decaying towns, choked harbours, and an impoverished population; but we can be, nay, we must be, indulgent, and instead of always finding fault with the Mohammedan Turk, whilst we are ready to pardon the cruelties committed and the vices practised by his Christian neighbour, we really should begin to discard all political bias in our judgment of an Eastern prince and of his people.

A. VAMBÉRY.

ON BIMETALLISM.

IT has been wittily said that if speech is silvern, and silence is golden, bimetallic speeches ought to be short. Possibly they ought to be, but certainly they are not, and perhaps, considering the complexity of the subject, we cannot wonder that this is so. However that may be, although Mr. Samuel Smith, Sir W. Houldsworth, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Sidebotham, and Mr. Balfour all referred to me personally on the subject during the late debate in the House of Commons, I had only a few minutes at the close of the discussion—before the debate, by the rules of the House, came necessarily to a conclusion—and it was, therefore, of course, impossible for me adequately to defend my position, or to state satisfactorily the reasons which prevent me from accepting the proposal they make. Under these circumstances I have availed myself of the suggestion that I should state those reasons in the pages of the NEW REVIEW. The subject is no doubt technical, and yet it is one of the very gravest importance.

The effect of the fall in the price of silver, so far as this country is concerned, has, I think, been greatly exaggerated. India, of course, stands in a very different position. But even as regards India, while admitting that the finances of the Indian Government have suffered, it by no means follows that India itself is worse off in consequence of the fall. When in any country a tax is repealed the income of the Government may be diminished, but no one would say that the country suffers. Now, so far as India is concerned, inasmuch as the taxes are payable in silver, and silver has fallen, the Indian Government is no doubt receiving a lesser value; but, on the other hand, if the Indian Government does not receive so much, the Indian taxpayer pays less.

It is indeed admitted that it would be so, were it not for the supposed fact that gold has appreciated, and that part of the Indian debt is payable in gold. But if this be true, then India must, at any rate, be better off than countries in which, as in our own case, the whole debt is in gold.

But while I do not deny that the fall in silver has affected the Indian Government, I see no evidence that it has been injurious to Indian commerce. On the contrary, since 1873, so far from having fallen, the exports and imports, omitting bullion, have together risen from £93,000,000 to £182,000,000; an increase of no less than £89,000,000, greatly due, however, no doubt to the opening out of railways.

Moreover, when we are told that trade between England and India has suffered because we have a gold, and they have a silver standard, it is remarkable that the increase of Indian trade has been mainly with gold using countries, the rise in the value of the exports being 62 per cent. with gold using countries, and only 27 per cent. with silver using countries.

Still, the objection to changing the taxation in a country like India does no doubt introduce special difficulties, and the Gold and Silver Commission suggested that "it is worthy of consideration whether foreign Governments might not be approached with a view to ascertain whether they would open their mints to a greater extent than at present to the coinage of silver for a given term of years, on an undertaking from India that she would not close her mints during the same period." It is true that a similar suggestion made in 1881 was declined, but the possibility that India may follow the example of the Latin Union and close her mints, may render the countries forming that combination more disposed to entertain the proposal. The present condition of the coinage in the Latin Union is most unsatisfactory and is becoming worse, so that it would certainly be to their interest to adopt some such suggestion.

Bimetallists, however, wish us to revolutionise our own monetary system, a step of the greatest gravity, which we certainly ought not to take except on the clearest and most conclusive evidence. This is not the first time that there have been great changes in

the production of the precious metals. From the beginning of the century to 1840 the average production of gold was only £2,000,000 to £3,000,000 a year. It then sprang up to £27,000,000, but no change was made in the standard of value. Since then it has diminished to £21,000,000, a fall considerable, no doubt, but far smaller than the previous rise.

But has the fall in the price of commodities been due to this, or is it not rather owing to causes affecting the commodities themselves? A great deal has been said about the case of wheat, and it is no doubt true that in the last fifteen years there has been a great fall, say, of nearly 20s. a quarter. But has this any connection with the price of silver? It seems quite unnecessary to introduce any such remote contingency.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has made a special study of this matter, informs us that the railway charges from the interior of America to the seaport are 11s. a quarter less than they were fifteen years ago; that the freight is 4s. less; the charges for loading, unloading, and milling he puts at 3s. less, and the bags or barrels 1s., making a total diminution of 19s.

Take, again, Indian wheat. Mr. Wells, in his *Recent Economic Changes*, points out that in 1881 the price in London was 42s. a quarter, and in 1886 31s. 6d. Now the difference in freight was 6s. 6d. a quarter; in the railway charge, say, from Cawnpore to Calcutta, 2s. a quarter; and the difference in the cost of bags was 6d. This, then, accounts for 9s. a quarter, or, if we allow another 1s. for loading and unloading, say, 10s. out of the 10s. 6d. Surely, then, the fall is thus sufficiently accounted for. No doubt the fall in silver has lightened the fixed charges of the Indian producer, but I do not understand that Bimetallists would maintain that this was any argument in their favour.

It has been maintained that a fall in silver of 20 per cent. is equivalent to a bounty of 20 per cent. to the Indian producer. It is said that if an Indian and an English producer each sends 1,000 rupees worth of the same goods to the same market, the fall in silver has given the former an advantage of 20 per cent. This seems to me entirely a delusion. It may be true that while the Indian producer will get as many rupees as before,

the English producer will get 20 per cent. less in pounds sterling. But then, by the hypothesis, silver will only buy as much as before, while, on the other hand, gold will buy 20 per cent. more. Except, therefore, as regards fixed charges, they are both in exactly the same position as before. In fact, if this contention were correct, it would be in the power of any country, by debasing its currency 20 per cent., to give all its producers a bonus of 20 per cent., which surely everyone must admit is absurd.

I have already referred to the case of wheat, and shown that there are sufficient causes for the fall in price without any reference to the depreciation of silver. I might take other cases. For instance, a ton of steel can now be made with half the labour and half the coal that were required twenty years ago. No wonder, then, that steel has fallen in price.

Again, Bimetallists generally assume that the change in prices is due to an appreciation of gold. The evidence does not seem to me to bear this out. The total stock of gold in the world is greater than ever. The annual production, which, before the gold discoveries, used to be, say, £3,000,000, has risen to £21,000,000. No doubt there is an increased use, and I would not deny that there may be some appreciation, but I do not believe that any considerable part of the fall in prices is due to this cause.

If we look at almost any other commodity, there has been an immense increase of production. New processes have been discovered, new sources have been opened up, the total supplies have been enormously increased, the cost of carriage has greatly diminished. Surely these changes sufficiently explain a great fall in price.

Now if the production of wheat and of gold is doubled, the relation between the two is completely altered. Suppose, for instance, that the production of gold and of wheat were in any given year increased in the same ratio, say that they were both doubled, the result would be that the stock of wheat would be doubled or more, while that of gold, on the other hand, would only be fractionally greater. If, then, the wheat and the gold were compared with some third article, of which the demand and supply had remained the same, it is obvious that while the ratio of that article to gold

would have undergone little change, that to wheat would have greatly altered.

Reference is often made to the prices of 1873, but the prices of that year were quite exceptional. Between 1850 and 1873 prices rose some 30 per cent., so that even now we have hardly gone back to the average prices of the period before 1850.

I do not myself suppose that the adoption of Bimetallism would necessarily raise the price of commodities; but if it would, surely we ought not deliberately to change the standard of value with the express object of raising the price of the necessaries and comforts of life. It is, of course, obvious that cheapness is an advantage to the working classes, unless it is accompanied by a cessation of work, or a fall in wages. But there is no evidence of either. Employment is good, and wages have not fallen. Nay, strikes are in the air; scarcely a day passes but what we hear of an agitation for higher wages or shorter hours in some trade or other. I would then ask the working classes of this country, whether they are prepared to support a proposal, an avowed object of which is to raise the price of the necessaries and comforts of life?

Again, one cause to which we owe the development of our commerce is the confidence felt in the stability of our standard of value, and we should be very unwise to alter it except under the clearest necessity. It will, perhaps, be said that the change proposed would not affect the value of the pound sterling, but there are many who are anxious for it on the express ground that it would. Moreover, the fact of a change being made would lead to the apprehension that others would follow. If silver is made legal tender, why not copper?

I see it sometimes hinted in articles on the subject that bankers have some special interest in gold. Bankers have, however, no such interest apart from that of the commercial community; whatever would injure the prospects of trade and commerce would also injure them. I would also urge that the standard of value ought not to be tampered with, unless there is a very general consent. But that does not exist in the present case. At the general meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce last year, which was attended by 170 delegates, representing 54 Chambers of Commerce a

motion in favour of Bimetallism was brought forward, but out of the whole 170 only 11 voted for the resolution. At the meeting this year the question was not even raised.

Let us now consider what the effect would be of opening our Mint to silver. Unless there was a very great increase in the amount coined, it would obviously have no effect on the silver market. But we have now as much silver circulation as we require. If there is any demand for more silver coin the Government are only too glad to comply with it, because the operation leaves a large profit. If, then, even comparatively so small an extra amount as £10,000,000 or £20,000,000 is to be forced into circulation, this can only be by driving out gold.

But the amount of gold coin is now determined automatically by the requirements of the country. If we are forced, for the ordinary purposes of life, to take silver instead of gold, it will lead to great inconvenience in the payment of wages, of small bills, and all the other ordinary purposes of life. We shall have to carry about a heavy weight of silver, instead of the comparatively light gold coins. And yet, unless a very large proportion of our gold coin is replaced by silver coin, the mere nominal opening of the Mint would have none of the effect desired by Bimetallists.

The history of the French coinage is very instructive. Before 1873 France was a reservoir into which other countries could pour either of the precious metals which they did not want, and from which they could draw whichever they might require. That, of course, tended to keep a stable ratio, but it did not prevent an agio on gold coins in France, and led to extraordinary fluctuations in the coinage—evils from which we have been free, but which the adoption of Bimetallism would tend to introduce here.

Before the gold discoveries of 1850 the coinage of gold in France had almost ceased, and gold was at a premium. If you travelled in France you either had to load yourself with a great weight of silver, or to pay a premium on gold, which, when you came to use it, you were almost sure to lose. After the gold discoveries, on the contrary, the coinage of silver immensely decreased. The coinage of gold, which had fallen from £4,000,000 in 1831-5 to £800,000 in 1841-5, rose to no less than £108,000,000

in 1856-60; while the coinage of silver, which had been £15,000,000 in 1841-5, and £21,000,000 in 1846-50, fell to £875,000 in 1861-5. Thus under Bimetallism France was at one time flooded with silver, and almost denuded of gold; while at another the silver was exported, and there was an enormous coinage of gold. It has been often said that up to 1873 the ratio of silver to gold remained stationary. But that is not so. The fluctuations were, no doubt, smaller than they have been since, but they were considerable. The last report of the Director of the United States Mint shows that even the averages for different years varied as much as 5 per cent. The extremes were, of course, larger. These fluctuations caused great inconvenience, from which our system protects us.

Moreover, our own experience is almost as instructive. In the eighteenth century we tried, and tried in vain, to maintain a fixed ratio between gold and silver. Professor Thorold Rogers, in a paper recently read before the London Chamber of Commerce, gave the nominal Mint and real market prices for twenty-three years, and during that time there were only two months in which they coincided. The attempt, in fact, was a total failure.

One very important point to be considered in any system of coinage is that it should secure a sufficient supply of coins in all three metals—gold, silver, and copper. Under our present system, one being the standard and the other two tokens only, we are able to secure this; but whenever there has been a free mintage of two metals, one has tended to drive out the other; one has become too scarce, the other too abundant.

Bimetallists affirm that the divergence between the price of gold and silver is primarily due "to the abandonment of the bimetallic system which had prevailed in certain countries prior to 1873." But why did these countries abandon this system? They did so on account of that very divergence. The divergence was obviously not primarily due to the abandonment of Bimetallism, because the abandonment of Bimetallism succeeded and was due to that very divergence, though, of course, I do not deny that the closing of the mints in the Latin Union tended still further to depress the value of silver.

No doubt the Union would be strengthened if other nations

entered into it, but the relative values of gold and silver will depend eventually on the future production of the mines, and the demand for industrial purposes. Bimetallists contend that the cessation of free coinage by the Latin Union has led to the fall in silver. But why did the Latin Union close their mints? Because even that powerful combination found it impossible to keep up the price of silver. The Latin Union comprised France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium; and if this great Union found that they could not practically maintain a given ratio between gold and silver, is not that a strong argument that any attempt to do so is impracticable?

The total annual production of silver in the last thirty years has risen from £8,000,000 to £21,000,000, while the production of gold has fallen from £27,000,000 to £21,000,000. The production of gold, then, has diminished, while that of silver has more than doubled. Now, if the annual production of two important commodities changes to so great an extent, it is surely obvious that you cannot by any artificial arrangements maintain a permanent fixed ratio between them. Moreover, the supporters of Bimetallism argue as if gold and silver were used in coinage only; but that is not so; the use of the precious metals for other purposes is enormous. Out of a total annual production of gold and silver amounting to, say, £42,000,000, it is estimated that from £12,000,000 to £16,000,000 is used in the arts. Does anyone suppose that we could maintain a fixed ratio between the gold and silver used in the arts? But if not, it is clear that the ratio for coinage purposes could not be maintained either.

Our system of coinage, under which one metal is the standard, and other coins are merely tokens, enables us to maintain such a relative supply of gold, silver, and copper coins as the needs of the country require. That is a great practical convenience; but if you reverse this, and endeavour to maintain a fixed ratio, the moment there was any change in the value of the metals, the one of which the supply had fallen off would cease to be brought for coinage, while the Mint would be flooded with that of which the supply was increased.

It was stated by almost every speaker on the side of Bimetallism in the recent debate that all the twelve Commissioners

were satisfied that a fixed ratio might be maintained. This, however, was quite incorrect. In the first place, Mr. Birch and I expressly said * that, "having regard to the great uncertainty as to the probable future production of the mines, the large use of the precious metals in the arts, and to the number of countries which would still remain outside the combination, we doubt whether any given ratio could be permanently maintained." As regards four of our other colleagues also the statement seems to me inaccurate. Their language was very guarded. They said, † "We think that in any conditions fairly to be contemplated in the future, so far as we can forecast them from the experience of the past, a stable ratio might be maintained if the nations we have alluded to were to accept and strictly adhere to Bimetallism, at the suggested ratio."

I understood this to be no more than the expression of an opinion as to the probable results of such an arrangement; and by no means as a decisive statement that such a result would necessarily follow. Moreover, they go on to say:—

"In this connection the experience of France is, we think, very instructive. The table given in the main report shows the coinage in that country from 1816 to 1880.

"It will be observed that from 1830 to 1845 the coinage of gold was almost replaced by that of silver, and from 1846 to 1865 that of silver again, to a great extent, by that of gold. The continuance for a few years longer of the conditions which prevailed up to 1845 would apparently have resulted practically in the entire cessation of gold coinage in France. Even as things were, the result led to the existence of an agio on gold coins; and it seems probable that the most extended international agreement would lead from time to time, in some of the countries included in it, to the existence of a premium on either the gold or silver coins; and it cannot be denied that an agio on any part of the coinage would be a serious evil."

So far, then, from admitting that a stable ratio could be secured, they state that even under the most extended international agreement there would probably be an agio either on the gold or the silver.

Bimetallists dwell much on the disadvantage arising from the

* Report of the Gold and Silver Commission, p. 93.

† *Ibid.*, p. 85.

fluctuations of exchange with India, under the present system. But we must consider the great Australian colonies also. The Commission pointed out that "their deposits of gold are one of their principal sources of wealth, and any measure which tended to check gold-mining, or to depreciate that metal, would, in all probability, injuriously affect the prosperity of the colonies, and react upon the trade of the mother country with them." It seems extremely improbable, therefore, that our Australian colonies would consent to a change of their standard, and if so, while Bimetallism might diminish the fluctuations in exchange between England and India, it would create new ones between England and Australia. We should, in fact, merely transfer the difficulties of exchange, whatever they may be, from India to Australia.

Moreover, the plan which Bimetallists propose is not really "Bimetallism," but Monometallism at the option of one party. True Bimetallism would consist in enacting that the legal pound sterling should consist partly of gold and partly of silver; but what they propose is that the debtor should be authorised to pay at his option either in gold or silver.

This is a serious consideration for all those whose income is derived from savings. Take, for instance, our investment over-sea. Mr. Giffen estimates the annual income which we derive from them at £85,000,000, which he thinks is probably somewhat below the mark. And here just let me call attention to the remarkable fact that as the income from the rent of land (apart from houses) is £62,000,000, our investments over-sea actually bring us in some millions more than the whole agricultural rent of the soil of our own country. From the £85,000,000, however, must be deducted the amount earned on railways and other undertakings worked by British capital. I will, therefore, take the amount involved in the present argument at the round amount of £50,000,000, while admitting that it is impossible to arrive at any close estimate. Now, we are asked in future to give other countries the option of paying in either gold or silver. If the production of silver continues to increase, even if by artificial arrangements you may maintain the nominal price, the real value will fall. But Bimetallists, in their great generosity, propose that foreign countries should pay their

debts in the depreciated metal. On the contrary, if great gold discoveries should again be made—and who can say that this is impossible?—so that the value of gold falls in relation to silver, then we are to take payment in gold. We are always to receive payment in whichever metal is least for our advantage.

The evil would not affect our foreign trade only. When we attempted during the last century to maintain a double standard, Professor Rogers tells us this grievance was acutely felt in our internal trade, for, of course, a debtor could and would, as contemporary writers allege with some bitterness, pay in the cheaper metal.

"You will find," he says, "if you examine these figures, that the double legal tender system not infrequently gave the debtor the advantage of 4 to even 6 per cent., a serious inroad on business profits; or, if one may vary the phrase, a serious addition to business risks." It seems obvious, then, that every prudent man in any contract, especially if for a large amount or to last for any time, would especially stipulate that he should be paid either in one metal or the other. Any attempt to preclude this by law would necessarily drive trade and commerce away to some country which was wise enough to hold aloof from an arrangement so unfair, unwise, and one-sided.

The last argument in favour of Bimetallism to which I wish to refer is that "the prosperity of the country ceased in 1873." Is this so? I admit the depression in agriculture and in certain trades. But this only makes the general progress all the more remarkable. If we contrast the exports and imports of 1873 with those of 1889, we find an increase from £670,000,000 to £740,000,000. Moreover, 1873 was altogether an exceptional year. The average of ten years up to and including 1873 was £560,000,000; and the amount in 1889 being £740,000,000, shows an increase of £180,000,000. Moreover, it is part of the contention of Bimetallists that there is a general fall in prices of 25 per cent. since 1873. To compare the amount of produce then we must add 25 per cent. to the figures for 1889. This would bring them up to £890,000,000, and show an immense increase in our trade even as compared with 1873.

Take another test. The total annual value of property and profits

assessed to Income-tax in 1873 was £514,000,000; in 1887 it was £636,000,000, showing an increase in fifteen years of no less than £122,000,000.

Or take the Clearing House returns: the total for 1873 was £6,000,000,000, an unusually large amount, but the amount for last year was £7,600,000,000, an increase of no less than £1,600,000,000.

Lastly, I will take the value of the property of the country. Mr. Giffen, in a paper read recently before the Statistical Society, has shown that in ten years the property of the country has risen in value from £8,500,000,000 to £10,000,000,000, that is to say by the gigantic amount of £1,500,000,000—one thousand five hundred millions sterling in ten years! And yet our friends complain! Surely such an increase ought to satisfy even the wildest dreams of avarice.

I have, then, attempted to show that while the necessaries of life have fallen in price, say, 20 per cent., wages, on the contrary, have not diminished, so that the interests of the great wage-earning class are opposed to the change; that those who have any of their savings invested in foreign countries would be unfavourably affected by the change; that our great Australian colonies are not likely to concur; that we cannot expect to prevent fluctuations in value between two great articles of commerce, such as gold and silver; that the mercantile community are opposed to it; and that the supposed necessity for a change does not exist. Under these circumstances, we should surely be very unwise to introduce any fundamental change in the standard of value and system of currency under which our trade and commerce have attained a magnitude and prosperity unexampled in the history of the world.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

MODERN ART AND OLD CRAFTSMEN.

"Where young folkes are, they treate of love, when Souldiers meete, they confer of warre, Painters of their colours, Musitions of their crotchets, and everyone talketh of that most he liketh best."

LYLY'S *Euphues.*

THE merits and demerits of extreme impressionism are nowadays tolerably often discussed in studios. The onward course of the strange new movement, that has come to us like a gathering storm from across the Channel, is indeed alarming. Its hold on the public mind will soon be a burning question. At first, under the very influence of this movement, good and great work—bred of fine drawing and fresh vitality—rose up in France. But it would seem that each successive pioneer of art, instead of gradually losing crudeness and gaining beauty, is disposed only to develop another phase of violent ugliness. A few years ago, an impressionist picture by some dashing young beginner—a picture such as many which are now well hung, and contemplated with the bated breath of reverence, in English galleries—was a thing to smile and jeer at, like an ill-conceived design for a flying machine of the twentieth century. True, the exponents of impressionism argue that exactly herein lies the proof that the flying machine may presently come into use, that we are, so to speak, merely scorning the dicta of adverse (but singularly wise) politicians.

That the element of wonder is contained in these strange works of art none will deny. But is there really aught else? Does anybody see Nature as certain wilful "young England" painters would have us see her? Let us hope for their own sakes that even they themselves do not. In word-painting we should not love them. We demand something more from our descriptive writers; something

more perfect, more careful, more (like Nature's self) highly-finished, and—because of that very finish—beautiful and interesting. Who that has watched a dear face but grows to see in it depths and ever greater depths of completeness, and subtle thoughtful beauty, which no hasty splotch of colour can render? Who that has wandered clear-eyed in fields and woods, studying the blades of grass and opening flowers with their perfect minuteness and delicacy of leaf and bud, but knows that no slurring brush can translate these, any more than a smudge of blue, as likely as not drawn cruelly across the nearer foliage of a painted landscape, can represent the tenderness of heaven's ether? Is it strange, then, that those earnest artists, to whom their life-work seems a great and solemn thing, not to be lightly learned or attempted, sigh as they say: "If the public be attracted by this, what is the use of painting? For, if the reign of impressionism such as this has indeed come, true art is dead. Bury it, and put a stone at its head."

Truly, it were difficult to admit that a square or oblong piece of canvas covered with paint, and enclosed in gilt wood, must necessarily be a picture, any more than in Hans Andersen's story the Emperor's robes were actually robes. For, as we read in that narrative:

"Two strangers gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest stuff anyone could imagine. Not only were their colours and patterns (they said) uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to anyone who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid." Then the Emperor bade them commence work at once. "They put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms.

"'I will send my honest old minister to the weavers,' thought the Emperor. 'He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he.'

"'Mercy preserve us!' thought the old minister, as he saw the empty looms, 'I cannot see anything at all! Am I unfit for my office? Nay, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff. 'Don't you say anything to it? asked one of the

weavers. 'Oh, it is charming, quite enchanting!' answered the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. 'What a fine pattern, and what colours!'"

And so on, till the Emperor came himself, and, not daring to admit his unfitness to be emperor, admired like the rest, and finally, robed in the new clothes, went through his city in procession. "No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these," adds the chronicler. Only a little child was found to cry out at last: 'But he has nothing on!'

"The chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all."

It is difficult to believe that works, daringly but carelessly executed, should improve with time. It is positively awful to imagine what appearance some of the specimens of our youngest school may present in another century or two. Fancy the feelings of a highly artistic collector or picture-owner of the future, pointing to a portrait of his great-great-great-grandmother, in which the colours might be much altered, but not mellowed! No, for it is only carefully-prepared work which gains satisfactory "tone" with age.

"Pictures themselves grow old," says a speaker in one of the colloquies of Erasmus (exciting our present-day wonder as to what ancient pictures were on view in the sixteenth century).

"'They do so,' replies Aramus; 'but yet they outlive us; and besides, whereas we are the worse for age, they are the better for it.'

"'That's too true,' returns Timothy. 'If it could be otherwise!'"

What Erasmus thought of his own portrait is set forth in Luther's *Table Talk*: "As Erasmus' picture was presented to himself, he said: 'Look I like this picture? So am I the greatest knave that liveth.'"

It may be argued that many an impressionist picture sells for a high sum. The price given for Millet's beautiful "Angelus" startled everyone. It was a very different price to any which he realised during life. But a fine thing is a fine thing of whatsoever school it be, and is sure to be recognised some day. Of the real value of

pictures there is certainly no criterion. That they stand high or low in the market now does not imply assured success or failure with regard to posterity, nor with regard to anything beyond a passing moment of fashion. All collectors and most artists are aware of the continual ups and downs of pictures. Not even ladies' bonnets have a more ephemeral life than some pictorial successes, and it is usually only the very greatest work brought forward under the most prosperous auspices, combined with every aid in a business sense, that can be sure of "holding its own" continuously, without decline or waver, during its creator's life, and likewise afterwards. Of course every unsuccessful painter looks to posterity to place him on a pedestal, and, perchance, much of the greatest work in the world has been done by men who have had no other hope or encouragement than this to look to. At the same time, a painter does not always rightly judge which is his best work, though he is assuredly aware which one he himself most values. My mind recalls a quaint story on this subject.

"A lady, to whom a painter had promised the best picture in his collection, knew not which to take, and hit upon this stratagem: she sent a person to the painter, who was from home, to tell him that his house was on fire. 'Take care of my Cleopatra!' exclaimed the artist. The next day the lady sent for the Cleopatra."

The latest and most erratic impressionism (that which in these slight pages I venture to deprecate) does not seem willing to wander often into realms of ideality. I suppose we cannot easily have the "impression" of an idea or of an ideal subject conveyed to us. Nor is it those minds which habitually dream dreams, and see visions, that desire to clothe their fancies in that special ugliness which is curiously labelled truth. Nor, again, is it those who see beauty in everything, however small or common, and for whom Nature therefore most freely unlocks her treasures. Oddly enough, the worst quarrel which we have with the revolutionary painters is that, even whilst invoking truth, they remain blind to the loveliness of the beautiful world wherein they live. They transcribe nature for us, they say, but to our minds they distort and libel the grace of her countenance.

Portraiture and landscape painting (in contradiction to idealism

pure and simple), seem to be the favourite realms of advanced impressionists. With regard to these two branches, Carlyle said of the former that "human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls," whilst, as to delineation of scenery, Constable (no mean exponent) writes thus: "I hold the genuine pastoral feeling of landscape to be very rare, and difficult of attainment. It is by far the most lovely department of painting as well as of poetry." Meanwhile, with regard to another fountain-spring of art, scarcely ever resorted to in our own days, and perhaps fortunately passed over by the new school, the same writer continues :—

"Pictures are books; and they were especially so considered in the earliest ages of painting in Europe, when so few even of the highest classes could either read or write. The great importance of painting, therefore, as a means of instruction, will account for the whole history of our Saviour being painted on one panel. The artists, very justly, considered themselves engaged in works of piety; they employed all their powers to tell the story with the greatest perspicuity.'

On the whole, it may be said that many paths are open to those who seek; for the world, though old, is not yet superannuated. And, I suppose, if we were asked what aims are chiefly considered in modern painting, we should all give answer: "The reproduction of nature, and the realisation of beauty." It is in such reproduction and realisation that manifold difficulties and dangers lurk.

A short while ago the writer of these pages found her way into a picture gallery which she had mistaken for another. A friend, just escaping from the door, met her with these cheery words :—

"Oh! you are going to see the works of ——. How you *will* enjoy them!"

Alas! the emperor's robes indeed!

On the walls within, the robes were hung; nothing but the robes —miraculous representations by a foreign hand of garish and nightmare-like scenery, in which some obscure forms, vaguely resembling human beings, were just discernible, floating, orange-coloured, on a violet earth, under a chaotic sky.

The hapless visitor stared, walked to and fro, trying first the effect of distance (which made things no better), then close

proximity (which made things considerably worse), and, finally, retreating from the room in despair.

At hand was a descriptive catalogue of the "robes," wherein was set forth how the artist—a heaven-born one, whose influence on young English art was already portentous—was shackled by neither learning nor traditions (how true!); that he followed no master (how evident!), and that the glory had devolved upon him to originate and make his own a distinctly new and representative style. (This was unanswerable.)

The paper fell from the reader's fingers. She turned to an official standing near:—

"Do many people come to see these . . . these works?"

"Oh yes. Many," was the reply.

"And are the . . . the pictures generally liked?"

"Yes, very much." (This with a pitying smile.) "——" (here a well-known name was mentioned) "expressed his opinion that there is a great deal to be learned from them."

For the first time a ray of intelligence lit up the poor lady's face. It was true, distinctly true. A *great* deal could be learned from these pictures. But what was the lesson? Perchance, that it might be well to hang in our galleries such works as should gradually and painlessly deter the young from following a career of painting, there being, it is said, too many painters and too many pictures already in our land.

Leaving the building, this sad scribe, greatly crushed, seemed to see the whole world a chaos. Though her efforts to realise the foreign painter's intention had been utterly unsuccessful, there lingered in her mind a strange upside-downness—a blurred harshness (if the saying be allowable), which was truly pitiable.

Did no such thing exist as delicate form or beauty of line? Was every accepted theory of light and shade a silly and antiquated myth? Must some haphazard scratch of vermilion, on an oval-shaped object intended for the human face, in future do duty for the sweetness and tenderness of a girl's mouth? Should an undefined purple mass, devoid of branch or outline, express the tangled tracery of a green tree on a summer's day?

Was colour—hitherto almost a physical joy—nothing but a

delusion and a snare? Was the composition of a picture, moreover, to be passed by altogether as a mere craze of those old-modish folks who still hold theories and believe in schools, and—folly of follies! —are actually found to admire the early masters?

Yet, later in the day, the sufferer's glance fell on a small Benozzi Gozzoli, a narrow panel depicting a sweet, quiet scene in a church, the nave and pillars drawn with loving detail, each square of the tesselated pavement in its right place, the figures peaceful and poetic, the colouring subdued—above all, the finish and care of the work simply marvellous, making the whole a delight and a rest to the eyes. Nay, there seemed verily to rise from this small picture the perfume of the taper held by the little fifteenth-century chorister boy, whilst the sound of a very quaint and gentle chaunt almost pervaded the air.

So long as such pictures remain in the world, need we fear the advancing young impressionists? I know not. The hands are dead that built up the old work. Who shall say how many of our present craftsmen may not in time forswear their higher purpose, and be carried away and swept off their balance by the tide of a new fashion, fashionable only because new and mysterious, not to be too closely inquired into or studied. Who shall say? Even fine taste grows vitiated by the familiarity of daily sight with what is not really good. Ours is the reign of the multitude, we are told, which, to be pleased, must, above all, be constantly astonished.

This is, moreover, the age of hurry. The masters of the past scarce thought it necessary to preach such common virtues as patience and industry to their pupils. They usually enjoined severe study, during some years, of those technicalities to acquire which we should grudge an effort of a few short months.

Yet, as there are still a goodly number of people—not foolish folk, by any means, O reader!—who insist that Art reached the zenith of her glory in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it may be argued that some sound teaching was to be had in those days. The painters of long ago dealt gladly in cut-and-dry recipes, and were so positive of their own opinion that scholars must have rejoiced in a comfortable sense (which we sadly lack nowadays) of steadily advancing in the one straight and narrow road leading to success-

ful productions and assured fame. Only a few of the curious old prescriptions have, however, been bequeathed to us, and even these are not always available to students and lovers of art.

It was with much interest and pleasure that I myself fell a-reading, for the first time, not long since, a little book by one of the quaintest of the quaint writers of the past, one Cennino Cennini, whose treatise on painting is supposed to have been Raphael's chief method of instruction.

This old lesson-book appears to be so scantily known that I may perhaps be pardoned for quoting from it, trusting that other workers besides myself may welcome the sayings that come to us with a far-away perfume, as though they had been laid in lavender and rosemary ever since they were first indited for the benefit of disciples far more simple-minded than ourselves.

Those who worked in the fifteenth century were at once taught to dismiss all undue haste ; nor were matters made by any means alluringly easy. "Know," says Cennino, with some sternness, "that you cannot learn to paint in less time than that I shall name to you. In the first place, you must study drawing for at least one year; then you must remain with a master at the workshop for the space of six years at least, that you may learn all the parts and members of the art—to grind colours, to boil down glues, to grind plaster, to acquire the practice of laying grounds on pictures, to work in relief, and to scrape (or smooth) the surface, and to gild ; afterwards to practise colouring, to adorn with mordants, paint cloths of gold, and paint on walls for six more years—drawing without intermission on holydays and workdays."

Cennino begins his book with a seriousness worthy of admiration. Any painter obeying such precepts as his might be found utterly wanting, perchance, in genius or technical skill, but never in earnest purpose, nor in due ardour for his profession, nor yet in what we are told is the real essence of genius : an infinite capacity for taking pains. Listen to the words of the old *maestro* :—

" Here begins the book on the art, made and composed by Cennino da Colle, in the reverence of God, and of the Virgin Mary, and of St. Eustachius, and of St. Anthony of Padua, and generally of all the Saints of God and in the reverence of Giotto, of Taddeo,

and of Agnolo the master of Cennino, and for the utility and good and advantage of those who would attain perfection in the Arts. . . Now then, you who, possessing noble minds, are lovers of this accomplishment, and who study the arts in general, adorn yourselves first with this vesture, namely—love, reverence, obedience and perseverance."

Thereupon follow short chapters, on technical subjects, telling "What kind of bones are proper for priming pictures," "How when drawing with a lead pencil, an error may be corrected,"* "How to make a pen of a goose-quill," "What company you should frequent," &c., with much information on the nature of pigments (a lengthy chapter on ultramarine included), how to manufacture brushes, with many more directions, especially regarding *tempera* or fresco-painting.

Presently, we are instructed how "to paint in oil, on walls or on pictures (which is much practised by the Germans)."

The sixth part of the book commences thus cheerfully :—

"Now we are really going to paint pictures."

For the hapless amateur, a being usually but ill looked upon, Cennino has a kind word:—

"There are some who follow the arts from poverty and necessity ; but those who pursue them from love of the art and true nobleness of mind are to be commended above all others."

And again :—

"You must know that painting pictures is the proper employment of a gentleman ; and that with velvet on his back, he may paint what he pleases."

It is heart-breaking, however, to reflect how slightly the beauty of the fair sex can have influenced this austere writer, who positively says : "I will make you acquainted with the proportions of a man ; I omit those of a woman, because there is not one of them perfectly proportioned."

It is comforting to pass on to one of the quaintest recipes in the whole book. "Remember that when you are taking a cast of a person of high rank, such as a lord, a king, a pope, an emperor, you

* Needless to say, bread only is mentioned, not our modern indiarubber.

should stir into the plaster rose-water as well as cold water ; but for other persons it is sufficient to use cold water from fountains, rivers, or wells, only."

Alas ! The simple-minded directions are finished. The old author ends his book as Haydn invariably ended his compositions ; that is, with a prayer, asking for " grace and strength to sustain and bear n peace the cares and labours of this world ; and that to those who study this book the saints will give grace to study it well, and to retain it, so that by the sweat of their brows they may live peaceably, and maintain their families in this world with grace, and finally, in that which is to come, live with glory, for ever and ever."

It has often been remarked that sacred subjects painted in earlier times breathe forth a spirit of real religion which none of our contemporary artists are able to evoke on canvas. Nor does it seem strange that it should be so, when we turn over the pages of an earnest work like Cennino Cennini's, and contrast the careless cleverness of much of our modern painting with the patient fervour and pious aspiration, taught by the old writer, which made every sacred picture, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries specially, a true labour of love. Toil, skill, learning, costly materials, and passing years, alike were ungrudgingly brought as offerings to build up those master-pieces. The rapidly-blossoming art of painting being grafted on religion, the steady belief of the painters (which was that of the times in which they lived) is still visible in their handiwork, where it seems as fresh and enduring as the trustworthy pigments which they used, as lasting as their gold and crimson tints, as unfading as their purest ultramarine.

It is to a vision of heavenly beauty that Spenser alludes, setting it far above the greatest of earthly beauty when he says :—

> " Ne could that painter (had he lived yet),
> Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
> That all posteritie admyred it,
> Have pourtray'd this, for all his maistring skill."

Perchance, the high aim of the old craftsmen, however achieved or attained, brought with it high effort, and likewise the ennobling and earnest thoughts needed for such effort.

BLANCHE LINDSAY.

THE FEDERATION OF LABOUR.

THE impetus recently given to Trades Unionism makes it worth while to inquire what is the probable outcome of the Labour Movement in its newer phases. This I propose to do in these pages, with special reference to the three departments in which the revival is likely to be most felt: first, amongst the trade unions themselves; secondly, in politics; thirdly, in public opinion.

One would have thought that so soon as the working classes had learnt by experience the great lesson that their strength lies in unity, they would not have been satisfied to form comparatively small combinations, consisting only of men working in one particular trade, but would have carried the principle further and formed gigantic federations of labour. If a thousand workmen combined are twenty thousand times stronger for the defence of their common and individual interests than if they had not been banded together, it is clear that the unions themselves would indefinitely multiply their strength by acting in combination. This, of course, has been seen and been preached very often, especially in the days when the enthusiasm of the pioneers of Unionism had not been damped by a practical acquaintance with the difficulties that stand in the way of the desired consummation. In the Chartist times it was a favourite idea that the whole of the working classes should band themselves together without distinction of trades, and, in the event of the five points in the People's Charter not being conceded, should force the hands of the Government by a temporary but universal cessation of work. The idea of a great federation of trade unions is therefore by no means a new one; and if up to the present very little has been done in this direction in the country where Trades Unionism was first popularised, there must be some reason for so conspicuous a failure.

One great reason can be found in the fact that, in the majority of cases, the primary objects for which trade unions exist have been rather lost sight of, owing to the unions having added to their proper functions those of sick benefit, insurance, and burial societies. It is very desirable that working men should make provision, by small weekly payments, against the loss of health or work, and for their support in old age; but it is not so desirable that the same society and the same funds should provide against these contingencies as well as for defence against the exactions of employers. The question is very largely a financial one. A trade society which has in hand an ample surplus, after providing for all its liabilities, is in a position to resist a reduction in wages, or to demand an increase, because it has the money required to maintain its members should they strike. Now, in many cases, the tables according to which the various benefits are paid by the unions have been based on sanguine expectations; and, consequently, when these are not fulfilled, their funds have to stand a great drain. Take out-of-work benefit, for example. A man pays a few pence weekly, in return for which he has a right to so many shillings a week if out of employment, for so many weeks in the year. It is in times of trade depression, naturally, that a union is called upon to defend its members against a reduction; but it is precisely at such times, by the nature of the case, that it has the largest percentage of its members out of work and upon its funds. Let us suppose that the rate for unemployed benefit is calculated on the assumption that, on the average, 5 per cent. of the members will be out of work. It can easily be seen that if the percentage of unemployed rises to 10 or 15, the whole of the funds subscribed for that special object will rapidly be exhausted, and the calls must be met by trenching on the moneys which should be set apart for defensive purposes. One remarkable instance of this kind of thing has recently excited much public comment. In this case, the drain (by way of payment to sick members) on the funds of what was once a very large and flourishing organisation, had reached a point where insolvency was imminent, and to avert this catastrophe the union was forced to cut down the sick benefit by one-half, though the members' contributions remained the same. It is obvious that a union water-logged in

this way would be unable to protect its own members, and would certainly have no energy or funds to place at the disposal of other societies. In fact, just as individual workmen often say that their wages are too low to enable them to pay a few pence weekly to their union—though they admit that by doing so they would vastly increase their chance of obtaining higher wages—so again the unions, though they would admit the advantage of federating with each other, have felt too poor to undertake the outlay of work and money, present and prospective, which would be involved.

It is pretty generally agreed amongst the more active Trade Unionists, that in future the unions should confine their attention to protecting the trade interests of their members, leaving them to find provision against sickness, old age, and death, in commercial institutions whose funds can never be depleted by having to finance a strike, and are doubly secure in that they usually have a large amount of shareholders' capital to fall back upon should they have any difficulty in fulfilling their contracts. Nearly all the large and successful unions which have been recently formed have accordingly asked but a very small subscription from their members, and have promised in return to defend their trade interests only.

In America, great federations of labour have been created, and have met with a good deal of success. The standing example is, of course, the Knights of Labour. This association was started many years ago, as a kind of secret society, revelling in passwords and signs and curious designations for its officers. For some time its operations were on a very small scale, and more on the lines of some of our English friendly societies than a trade union organisation; but it grew, and reached the zenith of its power some five years ago, when it claimed to possess a total membership of over two millions. Its prosperity was due very largely to its success in winning industrial conflicts on an enormous scale. These triumphs were won chiefly by a system of boycotting, which its large membership and the number of newspapers under its control enabled it to perfect. A story is told of a struggle between it and one of those great industrial corporations which are so much hated and feared by the people of the United States. Great quantities of "canned goods"—fruit, fish, and vegetables preserved in tins—are used by all classes in America.

At one time a company, by unscrupulous use of its extensive capital, and by buying or breaking its competitors, succeeded in getting a large proportion of the canning trade into its hands. When it had built up by these means a practical monopoly, it sought to recoup itself for the enormous expenses incurred in the process by enforcing a reduction of wages amongst its thousands of "hands." The case was taken up by the Grand Assembly (or Central Executive) of the Knights of Labour, and a boycott was declared upon all goods packed in the company's tins. The result was, in a very short time, a complete victory for the Knights of Labour. Successes of a similar kind were obtained in other trades, and the permanence of the Knights of Labour seemed certain. Yet to-day that organisation has perhaps not a fourth of the members it had five years ago, and it even seems probable that it will die out altogether.

This shows that even if a great federation of labour can be successfully established, it may easily collapse. The reasons for failure in this particular case seem to have been the difficulty of reconciling the various and often conflicting interests of the different trades; loss of confidence in the leaders, owing to the Grand Assembly taking, on some important matters, a line denounced as treacherous by many of the rank and file; and charges of selling the organisation to party wire-pullers at election times. Similar difficulties must occur if a similar attempt is made in this country; and I think it is unanimously agreed that if anything of the sort is to be tried here, the system of organisation should be to form a separate union for each trade, and that these unions should federate for their mutual protection and the advancement of their common cause. The advantages of this course are obvious. Each workman can look for protection to a body which understands and can sympathise with the special grievances of his trade, and can still reckon on the support of all the other trades in the federation in time of need. We must begin at the beginning; and, with under two million workpeople in Great Britain inside existing unions, it would be premature to attempt to federate them without having first organised the five millions or so of workers who have not yet learnt the rudimentary lessons of Trade Unionism.

Those who have watched the labour movement for the last eight

months will have seen that the success that attended the efforts of the new unions quickly engendered the over-confidence which is the usual precursor of failure. Ignorant men, seeing combination result in one or two cases in speedy victory, naturally argued that what one set of men could do another set could do equally well. Not looking below the surface of things, they did not see that elements of success were present in some cases and not in others. If the gas workers at Beckton and Bristol could force better terms out of their masters, why not those in Salford and South London? If an effective fighting alliance could be struck up in a week in September between dock labourers, stevedores, and lightermen to beat Mr. Norwood, why should not gas workers, coal porters, and sailors make an equally successful triple alliance against Mr. Livesey in December? It was difficult for anyone to answer the question unless he had the opportunity to observe and the wit to understand the real factors of success in the case of the earlier triumphs.

The truth is that in the case of unskilled labour a trade union is by no means an effective weapon. The strike is won if the masters cannot succeed in filling the places of the strikers. It is lost so soon as the places are filled and the work can be carried on. If engineers or compositors or able seamen strike, the masters in their search for "blacklegs" are confined to the comparatively small number of men who have learned those trades and are out of employment; or, if they have to attract workmen employed elsewhere, have to bribe them by an offer of higher pay. But with unskilled labour the candidates for employment are practically innumerable, can be had dirt cheap, and after a few days' probation are as useful to the employer as his old hands. Take the case of tramway men, for instance. Overworked and badly paid as they are, it is probable that if they struck work in London their places could be filled twice over in twenty-four hours by men who, at the end of the week, would be quite as efficient servants to the companies as the men they now employ.

Thus it seems that it is not possible for any class of unskilled labour to materially improve its position unless it is relieved from the overwhelming competition of the unemployed, and the rate of

wages paid for all classes of unskilled labour is raised generally. When the gas stokers were on strike in South London one of their "pickets" remonstrated with a man who was being conveyed by the police into the gasworks to take the place of a striker. The "blackleg" retorted, "I have been getting 2s. 8d. a day on a Lincolnshire farm. I am going to take your place. You can take mine." There we have the problem in a nutshell. How can the urban unskilled labourer hope to improve his position while agricultural labourers are willing to take his place? Obviously the thing is impossible unless unskilled labour is thoroughly organised and the work of raising wages is commenced at the bottom amongst the most poorly paid. The difficulty of this task can only be appreciated by those who have tried it.

It is now certain that before the enormous preliminary detailed work necessary for the formation and federation of new unions can be successfully carried out, the revival of Trade Unionism will show itself in the political world. Extension of the franchise has given to the working classes a controlling voice in the government of the country. They are scarcely awake to the fact, but fact it is nevertheless, in spite of all the anomalies as to the registration laws, plural voting, the hours of polling, and so on. It is in the nature of things that workmen should carry into their lives as citizens the ideas which influence them in the mine, factory, or workshop, where they spend the greater part of their waking hours. Inevitable as this is, it has hitherto almost entirely escaped attention, for reasons which lie on the surface. No one likes to face disagreeable certainties, and politicians more than most people are inclined to hope that the present state of affairs, since it suits them, will last for ever. Even those who would readily admit that in the course of time, owing to the generation of fresh electoral forces, Labour must certainly have a greater power and more representation in the Assemblies that make our laws for us, gladly avail themselves of any self-deception to avoid thinking out what this really means. They comfort themselves with the delusion that the working-class party of the future will consist of men of the same pattern as those who have already gained entrance into St. Stephen's. Labour representatives, they argue, are not, after all, such very terrible

persons. They are to all appearance as much at home in the smoking room of the House of Commons as if they had been born in the broadcloth. When they speak in the House, the matter of their remarks does not differ in its essence from the observations made by the wealthiest representatives of the employing classes, and even in point of grammar and diction their speeches are not very different. Their legislative proposals are not calculated to turn the world upside down, or to materially improve the position of those who live *by* labour at the expense of those who live *on* labour. On the platform their utterances are characterised by a studied moderation, which is even carried to the point of denying that there is any conflict between the interests of the employer and his workman—though it is difficult to see where, if that were true, would be the necessity for the existence of the trade unions of which they themselves are officials. The practical politician has, in truth, good excuse for believing that the deluge will not come until after *his* time, if the political future of labour is left in the hands of the present "labour representatives," or of a larger number of men of the same stamp.

The whole of this pleasing delusion rests upon one assumption, and is dispelled as soon as that assumption is shown to be false. The "labour representatives" in the House of Commons are not real representatives of labour in politics, but loyal and deserving members of the Gladstonian party. Possibly because they are conscious of lacking the ability and force of character requisite for the formation of an independent Labour party, they are compelled to side with one or other of the two great factions. This being so, it is not unnatural that they should side with the party which has "freedom" for ever on its lips, and which has undoubtedly succeeded in inducing large numbers of the working classes to believe that "Codlin's the friend, not Short." The superstition that "the great Liberal party" is the real and only friend of the working man has so much commercial value as an electioneering advertisement that it is not surprising that it pays that party and its henchmen to spare no trouble or expense to maintain it. The great argument in its favour seems to be that, at a time when the fathers of the present generation of working men were serving their

apprenticeship, the then Liberal party advocated the Free-trade principles of the Manchester School of Radicalism, which were denounced by the real working-class leaders of the time—the Chartists—and which are, whether right or wrong, absolutely opposed to the essential principles of Trade Unionism. A man may believe that to buy in the cheapest market is Heaven's first law to man (as do the Cobdenites), and that the mission of his country amongst the nations of the earth is to undersell them in the world's market. Or, he may believe (as do the Trade Unionists) that the protection of labour from the hardships consequent upon buying it in the cheapest market is his paramount duty. How he can honestly believe in both these conflicting theories is quite incomprehensible. To do them justice, the Manchester Radicals were honest enough to bluntly oppose Trade Unionism and factory legislation, on the ground that it was an interference with the right of free competition, through which, they averred, the abolition of poverty must come.

No man can serve two masters. In politics, in a country where party government exists, the first condition of eligibility as a party candidate must be that one is prepared to put the party interest before every other consideration. I can see no objection to a would-be representative of labour voting with either the Liberal or Conservative party on occasion; but whatever his view on general political questions, it is clear that he must be prepared to advocate the strictly labour view on industrial questions, no matter what the consequences to the one of the two great parties which he personally prefers. The dilemma in which the unfortunate "labour representative" is placed, so soon as he has taken the Liberal shilling and has enlisted in the Liberal ranks, is shown in a very ridiculous light, when he has, as a Liberal, forwarded the candidature of a party candidate against whom he would, as a Trade Unionist, have to fight bitterly in a labour dispute. A "labour representative" presumably goes to the House of Commons to take the side of labour in matters of industrial legislation. An employer who, in his own works, imposes what are universally held by Trade Unionists to be unfair conditions would vote in Parliament as he acts in the factory where his will is law, and is therefore clearly an undesirable candidate from

a labour point of view. Yet the unhappy Liberal "labour representative" may be compelled to help such an employer, on the ground that he is a good, sound, Liberal Free-trade buy-in-the-cheapest-market party man.

I do not think that I am over-estimating the strength of the present revolt against the old order in the labour world when I state that there exist the will and the ability to send into the next Parliament men who shall be pledged to make the interests of labour, as judged from the trade union standpoint, their first consideration, without regard to the convenience of the Gladstonian, Conservative, or Parnellite Whips. The moral effect of the presence of even a few such individuals in the House of Commons would be considerable. It is a commonplace that speechifying has but little influence upon the voting in that place. The reason is that each individual member is actuated more by party considerations than by personal conviction on the hundred and one subjects which come up for decision, and on most of which he must necessarily be absolutely ignorant. Plugson, M.P., of Undershot, will vote for his party though any representative of labour, with the tongue of men and of angels, thunder at him across the floor of the House any number of the most excellent reasons why he should not do so; and if the vote of the representatives of labour in the lobbies of the Commons would not imperil the safety of the Government, nobody would pay much attention. But if the Plugsons knew that in those industrial constituencies which they so faithfully represent there were even five or six hundred working-class voters who took the labour view of the case, and would mark their disapproval of Plugson by voting against him and his party at the next election, they would readily listen to argument, and take any pretext for announcing their conversion.

This sounds very cynical. The gentle reader will probably, with true Pharisaism, fold his hands across his bosom, and, denying the justice of this anticipation, thank Heaven that our politicians are not as men are in other countries, in which it is said that the favourite peroration of an election address runs: "These, gentlemen, are my sentiments. If you don't like them, I can soon change them." But the cynicism in the matter must in fairness be ascribed not to me, but to the able statesmen who have taught us all that

nine-tenths of either party can veer completely round upon a burning question in six months if they think that party capital can be gained by so doing. If a mere handful of Irish electors in British constituencies can, by voting Tory, coerce Liberals into finding political salvation on the Home Rule question, why should not the important section of the electorate who suffer from long hours of work and fluctuation of employment coerce the same gentlemen on subjects which affect labour? British workmen have a greater electoral power than the Irish in Great Britain. They would not admit that they have less courage and resolution.

But it is in the education of public opinion that the greatest progress has been made. Men no longer believe that the purchase of labour in the cheapest market is the whole duty of man, or if they believe it have become ashamed to say so; and that in itself is a proof of the change in public opinion. It is unfortunately true that a good deal of the sympathy for the poorly paid is like the charity that prompts indiscriminate almsgiving. High living develops a sort of gout in the conscience, and the twinges during an attack induce the victim to practise a certain amount of abstinence. The attacks are fitful and not of long duration. But they show that the conscience exists. The bad employer or the rack-renting landlord may be unable as yet to see the iniquity of his own practices, but he has at any rate reached a state of grace in which he is prepared to condemn similar practices on the part of other people. So rapidly is this process of conversion going on that it is possible to believe that even in our generation a man who is known to have grown rich by taking advantage of the necessities of the poor may find himself subjected to social ostracism just as though he appeared in the Park in a pot-hat, ate peas with a knife, or committed any other outrage on the feelings of the community.

H. H CHAMPION.

HYPNOTISM.

DURING the latter half of this century many American and Continental scientists have been engaged in the investigation of a peculiar class of phenomena variously termed Magnetic, Mesmeric, Syggignostic, Hypnotic, &c.; phenomena which, after exciting spasmodic and transitory interest, were fifty years ago relegated, with the common consent of learned bodies and men of science, to the limbo of unprofitable curiosities. Since then, however, the mass of vague and empiric knowledge handed down to us by former observers and experimentalists has been rigorously sifted and classified, discoveries of the greatest moment have been made, and a new science has gradually emerged from the nebulous condition which inevitably precedes the birth of all science. In Germany, Weinhold, Berger, Heidenhain, and Moll; in Italy, Magini and Morselli; in Belgium, Delbœuf; in Sweden, Wetterstrand; in Holland, Van Renterghem and Van Eeden, have, by patient observation and carefully-conducted experiments, established a firm basis of facts whose great importance and wide application can scarcely be overestimated; while in France not only do we find eminent physiologists, psychologists, and jurists occupied with the science, but also distinguished physicians successfully employing the art of hypnotism in the treatment of innumerable diseases. That England has failed to participate to any just degree in a work so important, has failed even to appreciate its importance, should be a humiliating reflection to English scientists, and is the more remarkable when we remember that Braid, the accredited founder of scientific hypnotism, was a Manchester surgeon, whose treatise entitled *Neurypnology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep*, has for many years been out of print in this country, and can now be read only in the French or Italian

translation. Signs are not wanting, however, that the indifference of the public and the contemptuous incredulity of the medical profession in England are fast disappearing, and there is little doubt that in the near future hypnotism will form an essential part of the studies of the medical man. Several foreign works have been translated recently into English, amongst which we may mention the treatises of Binet and Féré, of Heidenhain and of Bernheim, and much valuable work has been done by the members of the Society for Psychical Research, especially by the late Edmund Gurney and Dr. Myers. Now that the genuine character of hypnotic phenomena is recognised by all who have taken the trouble to investigate them at first hand, further scepticism would be out of place and indifference scarcely conceivable. How be indifferent to a science which explains so much of what is mysterious in history, which supplies the psychologist with a genuine experimental method and promises considerable aid to the study of cerebral physiology? How neglect an art by means of which pain of mind and body may be relieved and a large number of diseases, functional and otherwise, may be successfully treated? To the psychologist a harmless means of intellectual and moral vivisection is given, for in the somnambulic condition the whole nature of the subject is laid bare, thoughts, vices, virtues, and passions are displayed with implacable frankness. To all these, to the psychologist, physiologist, and historian, hypnotism promises much, but in the hands of the physician, above all men, will it prove of most benefit to humanity, seeing that many diseases incurable by ordinary medicine may by its help be successfully treated, and that pain of any origin may either be removed or mitigated.

While, however, the genuineness of certain phenomena is universally acknowledged, great diversity of opinion yet exists concerning their explanation and significance, and it is greatly to be regretted that the most bitter antagonism, the result of mutual misunderstanding, divides the two great schools of hypnotism.

M. Liégeois states their respective attitudes as follows: "For M. Charcot and his disciples of La Salpêtrière the only true form of hypnotism is that developed in persons suffering from hysteria; this hypnotism is a neurosis—a morbid nervous condition which cannot consequently be presented in the healthy subject.

They enumerate three clearly defined states which usually occur in a fixed order, viz.: lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism, and assign to all hypnotic phenomena a purely somatic origin. To the school of Nancy, on the other hand, hypnotism is a condition not pathological but physiological; not a morbid nervous state, but a sleep which may be induced in those who enjoy perfect health; the phenomena realised have a psychical and not physical origin; and finally, according to the teaching of this school, suggestion alone must be held responsible for all the extraordinary facts recorded, suggestion which may be given involuntarily and unconsciously by the operator, and may compromise the most carefully conducted experiments."

If the writers of the Salpêtrière school be consulted, they will not be found quite so dogmatic as M. Liégeois represents them, although they certainly speak somewhat contemptuously of the results obtained at Nancy. Indeed, M. Voisin states it as his belief that hypnotism finds the whole of its therapeutic utility in suggestion.

Binet and Féré, in a work which has recently been translated into English, admit the possibility of hypnotising healthy subjects, and while insisting on the definite character of the three conditions, lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism, yet concede the existence of certain mixed states.

Braid, in his work entitled *Neurypnology*, describes experiments made by him in phreno-hypnotism, by which he conceived that he had established the possibility of exciting special sentiments, ideas, and acts by pressure upon the bumps of a hypnotised person.

The death of phrenology as a science made another explanation necessary, and upon inquiry it was found that in all cases this pressure was accompanied by unconscious suggestion.

We are inclined to think that, despite the most careful precaution taken against it at La Salpêtrière, suggestion still creeps in, and that many of the phenomena to which a somatic origin is assigned may be its result.

It is possible that greater precautions are taken at La Salpêtrière than were taken by Braid, but may not cautiousness in the

operator and sensitiveness in the subject be simultaneously developed, just as the hare and greyhound have simultaneously developed speed?

The methods adopted by the two schools are widely different.

At La Salpêtrière the *lethargic* state is usually obtained by causing the patient to look steadily at an object placed at a short distance above the eyes.

This results in a position of the eyeballs technically known as "strabismus convergens superior." In a short time the respiration becomes slower, the gaze more and more intent, the upper lip and eyelids tremble, whilst the eyeballs are convulsed upwards and inwards. Finally the eyes close. This state is characterised by what Charcot terms "neuro-muscular hyper-excitability," which consists in a tendency of the muscles to contract under the influence of a mechanical stimulus to a tendon, muscle, or to the nerve by which it is supplied.

The *somnambulic* state is produced by a slight pressure or friction of the top of the head.

A limb gently breathed upon becomes rigid. At this period the patient has become a pure automaton in whom any movement, feeling, or thought may be caused at will by the operator.

On raising the eyelids the *cataleptic* state is reached, during which a member maintains for a considerable length of time any position in which it is placed.

Liébeault, Liégeois, and Bernheim, of Nancy, employ no other method than that of suggestion.

The subject is directed to concentrate his attention on the idea of sleep, and the usual antecedents of natural sleep are suggested. Thus M. Bernheim, "Regardez-moi bien et ne songez qu'à dormir. Vous allez sentir une lourdeur dans les paupières, une fatigue dans les yeux, vos yeux clignotent, ils vont se mouiller, la vue devient confuse, vos paupières se ferment, vous ne pouvez plus les ouvrir.

"Vous éprouvez une lourdeur dans les bras, dans les jambes vous ne sentez plus rien, vos mains restent immobiles, vous ne voyez plus rien, le sommeil vient, et j'ajoute d'un ton un peu impérieux, 'Dormez.' Souvent ce mot emporte la balance, les yeux se ferment; le malade dort."

Now, in the first place, it would seem impossible to account for all the phenomena observed at La Salpêtrière on the theory of unconscious suggestion, for the symptoms presented exhibit a high degree of uniformity—instance the three stages previously described, where, adopting such hypothesis, we should expect variations in conformity with the particular mental constitution of the patient; and secondly, it is highly probable, *à priori*, that the convergence of the eyeballs has some specific effects not due to suggestion as yet unexplained, for it is well known that in attacks of hysteria and epilepsy, as perhaps in natural sleep also, the eyes are convulsed upwards and inwards, while Dr. Azam, of Bordeaux, found in his experiments on hysterical and epileptic subjects that these attacks were immediately provoked by this position of the eyes. We ourselves can attest a curious decrease of sensibility consequent on the maintenance of this "strabismus convergens" for fifteen or twenty minutes. Remembering, then, the difference in methods employed and subjects experimented on by the two schools, we are not surprised by the difference in the phenomena which are presented by each.

On the other hand, the power of suggestion to produce sleep cannot be denied, nor can hysterical subjects be regarded as alone presenting the phenomena of hypnotism in their complete development.

The writers of the present paper, having carefully repeated the most important experiments of the Nancy school, are convinced of the truth of Liébeault's statement, that persons in the enjoyment of perfect health are often extremely susceptible to hypnotic influence.

The tendency, moreover, of an idea to generate its actuality is conceded by all psychologists. The mere idea of a nauseous taste can excite the reality even to the production of vomiting. The sight of a person about to pass a sharp instrument over glass excites the well-known sensation in the teeth. The sight of food induces a flow of saliva; striking forms of crime, acting on impressionable natures, frequently create an idea so strong as to be fully carried out despite the deterring action of the usual motives of the will.

The fascination of a precipice lies in the fact that the spectator, seeing himself near precipitation, has the act of falling so forcibly

suggested that he has to put forth an effort of the will to resist the suggestion.

Thus the cerebrum itself seems to be capable of reflex action when the will is unable to control the muscular system or direct the thoughts and feelings, as in the case of somnambulism—spontaneous or artificially produced; and an idea which takes full possession of the mind to the exclusion of all others, so that the will has no power to choose between it and another, excites respondent action or physical states.

This principle is very strikingly illustrated by hypnotism. When bleeding takes place in some visible part of the body there are present the subjective feeling and the objective consciousness of the physical fact. These combined give rise to an idea. Now suppose somnambulism to be produced in a specially sensitive subject, and the idea of bleeding in a given place be suggested, the sensation and perception of bleeding will be caused and be followed by the physical phenomenon, that is to say, the person hypnotised will actually bleed in the place indicated.

The possibility, therefore, of producing a state analogous to sleep by simple suggestion is theoretically and experimentally proved, but it is a significant fact that those most easily hypnotisable by this means are soldiers, sailors, agricultural labourers and the like, men who work with their hands rather than their heads.

And this is what we should expect, for the cultured intelligence is too critical, too sceptical, too introspective for such a method to succeed in many instances.

A suggestion, instead of raising a simple idea in the mind of the subject from which he is unable to escape, excites trains of reasoning in which the sensation suggested is compared with that actually felt, and is found to be different.

In such patients a considerable reduction of the mental activity is necessary before suggestion can be successfully employed.

Now we have already seen that a decrease of sensibility results from a strained and upward position of the eyes.

If, therefore, perfect silence being maintained, the patient is placed in a comfortable position and his attention directed to the steady observation of an object placed so as to produce this position

of the eyes, sensation, the necessary stimulus of thought, is lessened from two causes. For in the first place the general sensibility to impressions from without is decreased by the position of the eyes, and such impressions are fewer and weaker owing to silence, position of rest, and concentration of the gaze upon a single object.

But a difficulty still remains, for the mind thus deprived to a great degree of present sensation may find sufficient food for activity in past sensation regenerated by memory.

To prevent this it is advisable to direct by verbal statement the subject's attention to the sensations he is actually experiencing.

In a short time a state of mental torpor will be attained and the field be clear for the translation of the suggested idea into its actuality.

At the risk of being found uninteresting we have purposely dwelt at some length on the purely theoretical part of the subject, for we wish to show how far removed hypnotism is from mesmerism, magnetism, and electro-biology, how in fact it is to them as chemistry is to alchemy, as astronomy is to astrology, to show that it is no pseudo-science with charlatans or gulls for its professors, but a genuine science supported by psychology and physiology, proceeding on rigorously scientific lines, postulating no undemonstrable and mysterious force or fluid, but drawing cautious conclusions from a well-digested and constantly increasing body of facts.

Profoundly interested in the science and wishing to verify the extraordinary results obtained by the school of Nancy, we instituted some time back a series of experiments, taking as subjects any healthy male who would voluntarily submit to the trial. These experiments were eminently successful, for out of a total of fifty cases not only was there no single instance of failure, but in the great majority complete somnambulism was produced. The history of one of these may possibly be interesting to the readers of this REVIEW. X., a young man twenty-three years old, in good health, and of average intelligence, was hypnotised for the first time by us, the method used being a combination of Braid's and that employed at Nancy. Ten minutes after the commencement of the

experiment a deep sleep was obtained, accompanied by anæsthesia. Needles run suddenly into the arm or shoulders caused no responsive start. The patient's face was like a waxen mask, impassive and expressionless, and questions put by any of those who were present, save the operator, received no reply. A suggestion was then made to the subject that his body was so rigid that he could not bend it, and he at once became cataleptic in every voluntary muscle, and could be handled like a board. X. on awakening was to such an extent oblivious of what had passed as to think that the attempt to hypnotise him had failed. After a few sittings it was found possible to cause sleep almost instantaneously by simple affirmation or by letter. An amusing illustration of the phenomenon called by Richet objectivation of types was given by this subject. Thrown into the hypnotic condition he was told that he was a cat, whereupon his legs bent gradually, he dropped on hands and knees, then moved about restlessly on all fours, mewing plaintively the while, and rubbing his shoulder against the legs of those present. At last a mouse hole was discovered, which he watched patiently for a full quarter of an hour. The perfect cat-like attitude and the expression of vigilant watchfulness were irresistibly comic. The operator then called, "Puss, puss," when our cat ran to him, attempted to jump on to his knee, and finally lay down at his feet, showing evident signs of pleasure when stroked. When awakened he seemed much astonished to find himself lying on the floor, and asked for an explanation of the circumstance. On other occasions the same subject was made to experience positive and negative hallucinations, to see and touch and talk to people who were not present and to be entirely unconscious of the presence of persons close to him. He was also made to bleed by suggestion from the nose and at a given place on the arm. It will be well to mention that great precautions against possible fraud were taken in the latter experiment, a close watch being kept on the subject from the time when the suggestion was given until the production of the phenomenon.

Apropos of bleeding produced by suggestion, we may cite a curious instance of cutaneous hemorrhage by auto-suggestion related by Burot.

V., an individual subject to insomnia, was hypnotised by him and told to sleep from seven in the evening until five the next morning. Now, as it happened, V. had some weeks before been subjected to an experiment of which he now dreamed while sleeping, and began the following dialogue, giving questions and answers himself:—

Q. "V., do you hear me?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Give me your arm."

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Quarter of an hour after you awake there will be a V on your arm on the place I point out" (he indicates himself the place on his arm), "and from that place you will bleed. Do you understand me?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Count up to ten and awake at seven."

V. counts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, starts, then finishes 8, 9, 10, and stops.

While he still sleeps his arm is examined.

Upon it is found a V traced in blood. At five o'clock in the morning exactly the subject awoke. When several days intervened between the suggestion of an act and the performance the greatest accuracy and punctuality were invariably observed by X., who appeared to be acting of his own free will and to be in a perfectly normal condition. The certainty with which these suggestions are usually carried out is very striking. The subject performs the act suggested "avec la fatalité d'une pierre qui tombe," to use Liébeault's expression, and if obstacles be put in his way removes them with feverish energy.

In addition to these a large number of experiments were performed—such as the quickening and slackening of the heart's beat, the production of partial or total loss of memory, increasing the acuteness of a special sense, developing abnormal energy in a muscle or set of muscles, and so forth.

The phenomena to which a somatic origin is frequently assigned, namely, complete anæsthesia, catalepsy, and neuro-muscular hyperexcitability, were not forthcoming in the absence of suggestion

direct or indirect ; and bearing in mind the extreme susceptibility to suggestions resulting from several hypnotisations, remembering that every word, look, or gesture of the hypnotiser are studied by the subject with the closest attention, we are strongly inclined to consider the phenomena when manifested in the healthy subject as purely psychical in origin and to echo Bernheim's warning, "Méfiez-vous de la suggestion."

Two acts are to be noted, however—firstly, that the subject is generally somewhat anæsthetic after the production of sleep, and secondly, that on awaking he is found to have forgotten events that have occurred during the state of profound sleep.

At first sight these phenomena, which are not explicitly suggested, would appear to be entirely independent of suggestion, but on consideration it will be seen that they are both contained in the notion of sleep. Moreover, they may be prevented by suggestion, for if a patient while in the hypnotic condition be told that he will remember what is taking place, on awakening he will be found to possess a clear recollection of all that has occurred.

Great controversy at present obtains as to whether it is desirable or not to introduce hypnotism into general medical practice. The *Lancet*, the *British Medical Journal*, *Health*, and countless non-medical papers have discussed the question, and the general opinion appears to be that hypnotism may be made a remedial agent of the highest value, and of great use in surgical operations where heart and lung affections render the employment of chloroform or ether dangerous, and that the only obstacle in the way of its adoption lies in the undoubted moral dangers attending its use. In connection with this we may be permitted to quote a portion of an article by us which appeared in *Health*, of May 16th : "And now we pass to the most serious objection to the use of mesmerism by anyone whatsoever. There can be no reasonable doubt that undue influence over the subject may be obtained by the operator ; that after frequent hypnotisations the former may become a will-less automaton, who can be thrown into the somnambulic state at any moment by a word or gesture ; and that criminal actions might be suggested under hypnosis which would be carried out in the waking state, with the inevitableness of gravitation. Were there no effi-

cient safeguards against such a danger as this, it would certainly be difficult to approve of the exercise of a power practically irresponsible, the possession of which would place great temptation in the way of the hypnotiser and be morally injurious to the hypnotised. Although this matter has naturally received much attention, we are of opinion that Continental experimentalists have failed to furnish adequate provision for so great a danger.

"At the commencement of our hypnotic practice we were much perplexed by the difficulty of finding some efficient means of preserving the personality and will of patients intact. We were fortunate enough, however, to discover what has, up to the present, proved a perfect safeguard, which consists in the constant inculcation during hypnosis of two *idées fixes* to the effect that no one should be able to hypnotise the patient without his express permission, and that no suggestion should be effectual which would be disapproved by him in his normal condition. This precaution has been found thus far eminently satisfactory. On one occasion it was of great importance to a patient that he should be hypnotised in the interests of cure, but for some reason he had taken a dislike to the method proposed, and could not, by any means, be thrown into the somnambulic state. Here the patient was an excellent somnambule, and was previously able to be hypnotised almost instantaneously by a single word or gesture. At another time an attempt was made to induce a patient already hypnotised to consent to the removal (after painless extraction of several teeth) of a small fragment which had been left, and, although persuasion and command were alternately tried for nearly an hour, with the most signal non-success. Curiously enough the subject when awakened was without much difficulty persuaded to undergo the trifling operation proposed.

"Once let the general public be made acquainted with the necessity of the above-mentioned precautions, and all danger of undue influence being exerted by the medical man will vanish, Any person presenting himself for hypnotic treatment would bring with him a trusted friend, who should see that these two ideas were suggested to him at each hypnotisation, until profound hypnosis was produced; whilst the physician, on his part, should invariably refuse

to hypnotise without a third person being present, in order to avoid the risk of false charges being brought against him by hysterical women," &c.

With regard to the two *idées fixes* above mentioned, the first will be familiar to all who practise hypnotism, as it is usually suggested, when hypnosis is produced, by all the practitioners of the Nancy school. The inadequacy, however, of this provision against the operator exciting undue influence over the patient is obvious, for the latter is quite at the mercy of the operator so soon as the somnambulic condition is reached. The constant inculcation of the second idea we claim as original, and are sanguine enough to consider it as removing entirely the last obstacle to the definitive adoption of hypnotism as a therapeutic agent.

Great misconception appears to exist in England concerning the number and nature of those who may be hypnotised; instance the following quotation from "Science Jottings" in the *Illustrated London News*, May 3rd, 1890:—"It is impossible to hypnotise everyone; and, as far as my experience of it goes, only in the case of the intellectually sensitive—shall I add weak?—can hypnotism hope to secure its most characteristic effects." The eminent physiologist Beaunis is, on the contrary, of the opinion that everyone is more or less susceptible to hypnotic influence, and our own experience goes far to confirm this, for out of several hundreds of patients treated hypnotically we have not yet met with one whom we might fairly class amongst the "non-influencés." As to the nature of those who are most easily influenced, we find the greatest difficulty presented in cases such as those above quoted, while educated non-neurotic subjects, who are capable of concentrating their attention on the mental picture of sleep presented to them, are nearly if not quite as easily hypnotised as the credulous peasant.

MILNE BRAMWELL.
LLOYD STORR BEST.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

OBER-AMMERGAU is the last resting-place in the Christian world of religious drama. There it is still acted in all its integrity, with all the splendour and more reverence than even in ancient days; and whosoever abolishes it will act like the Wandering Jew who drove our Saviour from the last resting-stone of the last house of Jerusalem. The oldest known text-book is dated 1662, but it refers to a far older book. In 1633 the play was known and had been acted, for at least three centuries, under Ettal guidance, and before that no one knows how many centuries under Rothenbuch. That year (1633) the village was struck with the plague. The villagers met and held a council, which concluded by a solemn vow made to God to perform the play as an act of devotion to the Lord (if the plague were stopped) every ten years, "for thankful remembrance and edifying contemplation, and by the help of the Almighty, of the sufferings of Jesus the Saviour of the world." So says the local tradition. The plague did stop, since which they have religiously kept their vow, beginning in 1634, and their decadal period was fixed for 1680. So this practice has been kept up for 256 years, and though many attempts have been made to put it down, it has always been spared by the King and the Pope.

To show the feeling that they themselves have about it, when peace was proclaimed in the Franco-German war, the Ammergauers performed their play "as a method of thanking God for bestowing on them the blessings of victory and peace"; and they generally choose Sunday for rehearsal, because they look upon it as an act of Divine Worship. In all cases we know that, whether the learned monks of Rothenbuch or Ettal composed and perfected this great drama in old times, in our days Ottmar Weiss, the last of

Ettal's monks, became, on the suppression of his monastery, parish priest of Jesewang, and kept with him his favourite pupil, Anton Alois Daisenberger, who was also afterwards parish priest, and was eventually transferred to Ober-Ammergau, his darling wish for many years. Ottmar Weiss, who died in 1843, aged seventy-two, recast the play; and at the same same time Rochus Dedler, organist and schoolmaster, modified the music. He was a local Sebastian Bach, born in 1779; composed in 1814; died 1822. Then Father Daisenberger succeeded Weiss, his master. Between 1840 and 1849 he recast the play again for the performance of 1850.

The text and music were never committed to writing, *i.e.*, given to the performers; they were obliged to learn and commit to memory from dictation and rehearsal both music and dialogue; not a word or a bar was allowed to be copied. In 1880 the text was given in German, and three specimens of the music, of which one is, "Wo ist er hin," accompanying the tableau of the Bride of the Canticles, which some years ago they refused to an Englishman who offered 3,000 florins for it, for they will not traffic about their play. All the accounts of the four Evangelists are blended into one, and the Old Covenant and the New form a complete pendant, side by side, the latter the sequel to the former. In winter the stage alone is kept up; the rest is packed away, and they rehearse on Sundays and festivals.

At the booming of the cannon eighteen Schutzgeister, guardian spirits, with a leader called the Choragus, or Proclamator, stand before you. They have come up from either side, and form a line right across the theatre—eight men in the middle, and five women on either side. They are dressed in various-coloured brilliant mantles, whilst the orchestra are in Tyrolese dress. These spirit-singers prepare you for what you are about to see. The Choragus, in a melodramatic tone, recites in a few words the history of what is coming, like an argument. The chorus, with the arms crossed upon their breasts at first, in a prayerful attitude, take it up in song—first faint and low, as coming from afar, and gradually swelling into thrilling harmony.

The music is ancient German (Bavarian) ecclesiastical, pure and classical, drawn from psalms, hymns, masses, and old church songs.

It is soft, sweet, and sad, chiefly in the minor key, and a refrain or lament runs through the whole, dwelling on the same sad story. The voices are all true and correct, some very good, all very fair, despite the disadvantage of the open air carrying away much of the sound. No one, I think, realises the hard work of the Schutzgeister. They come on between every one of the eighteen acts, and give the prologue and the epilogue. They sing forty-seven times, and often at great length, and that two days in the week. They supply all the interludes whilst the scenes are being changed, exposed to sun, rain, wind, or snow, and get the least praise and thanks. Whether they come on the stage, fall back at the tableaux close up again, or leave the stage, their deportment is perfect. They are really like spirits, every action is so quiet, slow, calm, and in unison. You do not hear them come or go off. Their walk is natural, manly, and majestic; their actions large, graceful, and full of ease. You are affected by their dignity, and the whole is most artistic.

If the curtain were to be drawn up suddenly at a few minutes before eight, you would see a prelude to the play you are not aware of; that is, the priest and the six or seven hundred performers and persons employed in the theatre on their knees upon the stage begging the Divine blessing on the coming play, and offering it up as incense to the Almighty, considering their art only in the service of Religion.

I should like to be allowed a few words on the effect of the play; and, as I have heard that since the Ammergauers have had the good and bad fortune to be known to what we call the world there are people who wish to put it down, I should like, not to make excuses for what I think most beautiful, but to plead against the strong and cruel portion of that world which can always crush individuals but cannot conquer truth. Christ would not escape being treated as an impostor by it, and it would fain now work against this little band of faithful villagers.

I think that however much you may meditate upon the Passion play, and feel a shortcoming here and there, it brings you to an intimate personal knowledge of Christ on earth as Man-God, such as you could never acquire by thought, prayer, reading, or sermons. It

brings you into union with His daily life, and with that marked characteristic He possessed, and which is here so clearly depicted—how much He felt and appreciated personal affection ; how gratefully He rewarded the slightest act of kindness, of attention, of love; what a tender heart He had. So much the more must He have felt when all abandoned Him.

As religion, it is instructive, edifying, and devotional ; as art it is a powerful and absorbing drama, quite unique in the world, with nothing to shock the most refined and sensitive religious instinct, nor yet the most ignorant. If any one objects, it will be the slightly educated, and that only to pose, for they probably understand neither art, nor heart, nor religion. A thousand clergymen in England, and years of schooling, could never teach the Old and New Testaments as one learns them in those eight hours.

I think it as near dramatic and artistic perfection as human acting can be, and that it could be done nowhere else. At Ober-Ammergau a peculiar combination of circumstances exists, generations for centuries having been brought up to it ; but I am grateful, also, for the safeguards which exist—since the temptations are great and the sums the villagers have refused are enormous—for preserving its simplicity, devotion, and art. Firstly, the people, are quite cut off by their geographical position from the contaminating influence of the outer world. The Ettalerberg acts as a barrier. How strange it must be to live in seclusion for ten years and then to come in contact with perhaps 200,000 people in one summer! That is what I have calculated the visitors at. I have allowed for two representations a week for five months, with 6,000 persons for each.

I have heard complaints that the audience eat and drink, and also that some high ecclesiastic wished to prohibit the play because English people drank beer at the Crucifixion. Now this is quite untrue. No one eats and drinks at the solemn parts of the play. The spectators are too rapt. I never saw a better conducted audience in my life ; and I am told it is always so. I wish congregations in church were half as good. Six thousand people of all sorts sit there as quiet as mice, and all, except three hundred, are exposed to the air, wind, rain, sun, and sometimes snow, without a murmur. The favoured three hundred where the English sit, in the three rows called boxes, are

under cover and have backs to their seats; the rest are in the open, and have only benches. The boxes being reserved, you can come and go as you like, and have an hour and a-half to lunch, or walk, or rest; but the others have to take their chance, if they leave their seats, of getting the same again, and it is nonsense to suppose that any one can remain for nine hours and a-half without moving or taking refreshments. If they carry food in their pockets or little bags, and munch it silently, and if pots of beer are handed up the benches during the long choruses, who can blame them? None but humbugs, I think. It would make anyone of whatever rank or religion drink beer. All I can say is that when I was present there was not a sound, and the people outside crept about on tiptoe for fear of disturbing the performance.

Bad luck, then, to those who try to suppress the *Passionsspiel*. Do they fancy themselves better than St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and other early Christians, who dramatised portions of the Holy Scriptures upon the model of ancient Greek plays, which had their origin in mythology and worship of the gods—for all dramas, both ancient and modern, had a religious origin, just as the worship of God gave rise to the early mysteries and convent plays in the time of Charlemagne? Are they better than the Crusaders, who acted the Passion? Better than the holy Abbot of St. Albans, who composed plays and acted them with his scholars? Better than excellent Father Daisenberger, the priest-dramatist of Ober-Ammergau, the author of so many Biblical and historical plays and dramas, the pious man who undertook this very play "for the edification of the Christian world"? Forbid the people ridiculing the priests as they should be held in veneration, but touch not the plays, and least of all this play, which is a something that should not be touched, which has a halo of its own, from its origin, its religious importance, its native refinement. It must do a world of good; it cannot do any real harm. Whoever is scandalised or takes it in bad part was bad by nature before going to Ober-Ammergau. He would pull down church, altar, and priest equally.

Who would be such a spiritual Iconoclast as to rob this bright village of its glory, its birthright, its romance, its support, its only interest in life? I, for one, should grudge to bow my knee before

such an authority, and feel rebellious, heart and soul, tongue and pen.

Let such a one go and see it before he condemns it, and not take hearsay evidence, and he will see that the people are not acting—they are living their lives naturally before us. They have seen this ever since they could toddle two steps—they know nothing else. They do not think of us spectators any more than the priests and their acolytes, who are occupied at the altar, think of the people and strangers in the church. To them it is not a mere theatre with stage and scenery. They are in a church, doing an act of devotion, with their simple, innocent, unquestioning faith, and loyal fidelity to Bible history. The beauty of their lives speaks for its effect upon them. They are so unaffected whilst they do it—they seem to believe they are really the people they represent for the moment. Every child is so trained and so at home that the babe holding its little skirt to catch the manna thinks that the whole play depends upon its doing this well, and with devotion, and to please God. Every one is natural; no one strives to shine; he does it as if he lived for that and nothing else. Thus it is a perfect whole; and this is the secret of the six hundred people all doing a natural act of devotion at one and the same time, falling into perfect harmony.

What impressed me most was the grace and dignity, the natural, manly walk, all being done with such calmness, everything happening so quietly and naturally. I have seen all the best actors and actresses of my day, and I have never beheld this before. There is never a stage strut, never any violent emotion, save when the Jews grow excited and passionate over their revenge—it is quite an Eastern idea—the gravest woes are calm and dignified. There is no *tour de force*, no thirst for reputation, it is their religious and dramatic training, from the cradle to the grave, which enables the villagers in so artistic, realistic, and devotional a spirit to portray thus the life and sufferings of Jesus.

ISABEL BURTON.

FOLIOS AND FOOTLIGHTS.

YES, I have read a good many essays on style, and they are mostly wearisome. The essayist, as a rule, offers you a theory which fits nobody but himself; as if we could all go about in a sort of universal overcoat. But I don't in the least agree with you as to the value of Mr. Pater's opinions on this subject.* True, he does not write like the newspapers, and he is not as concise as the Stock Exchange quotations. His style is not idiomatic but architectural. He builds up his theme like a tower; terrace rises upon terrace, and every pillar has its appropriate capital. Yet there is no excess of ornament, and the ascent is not laborious, though to people like you who want to go up everything in a lift it may seem tedious. But Mr. Pater touches the heart of the matter when he says that every writer "begets a vocabulary faithful to the colouring of his own spirit, and in the strictest sense original." And as life is a much more complex thing than it was in the days of Sir Roger de Coverley, it is useless to sit down and try to write like Addison, or, for that matter, like any renowned stylist much nearer our own time. Mr. Morley protested the other day against the unorthodox friskiness of the American vocabulary. Here is Mr. Pater adjuring us to reject "many a gipsy phrase which might present itself as actually expressive." Do you remember Buffalo Bill's mustangs, and the quaint performance which was called "buck-jumping"? Well, I am afraid there is a touch of the mustang in the blood of the young democracy, and that we cannot all view it with the grave disapproval which is becoming to reverend signiors. Once or twice in the middle of Mr. Pater's essay I

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* *Appreciations.* By Walter Pater. Macmillan and Co. 1890.

caught myself yearning for one gleam of the buck-jumping spirit. A sportive idiom, not of American birth, would have refreshed me, especially in the admirable paper on Charles Lamb. Mr. Pater appreciates humour, but he enters less into the essential quality of Lamb than into "the fateful domestic horror" of Elia's life. But we cannot have everything, so I am content to stand on Mr. Pater's terraces and respectfully appreciate the unity of mind in his work with a singularly perfect instrument of expression.

I grant you that for a style which pays no deference to law and order, William O'Brien's novel is the book to revel in.* It is tremendously Irish. There are mountains of rhetoric, and rivers of pathos, and a bog here and there in which the story occasionally sticks. The young hero has a vocabulary which is certainly faithful to the colouring of his own spirit, as Mr. Pater would say, for it runs through love and patriotism and insurrection with a riotous exuberance with which the British householder cannot be expected to sympathise. He has a dim idea, perhaps, that it is too like Mr. O'Brien himself, coursing the police through Tipperary, and delivering fiery speeches in defiance of the Castle. There are chapters in which everybody indulges in matchless eloquence, till the most appreciative reader longs for the closure. Mr. O'Brien is too much of an insurgent for this kind of literary effort, and he does not forget often enough that he is writing below the gangway. But if criticism of his novel stopped here, it would be most unfair. There are pages in which the style is a model of terseness and graphic vigour. There are descriptions to the full as beautiful as any I have read in modern fiction. There is a humour as racy as Lever, and a knowledge of Irish character which can scarcely be disputed. The absentee landlord, the agent, the priests, are drawn with skill and conspicuous fairness. There are moments when Mr. O'Brien ceases to harangue the populace, and turns aside to describe an incident with a keenness of observation and a mellowness of phrase which are positively stimulating. You feel then as if you had escaped from a maddening whirl of hyperbole, or had found a restful corner away from the rhetorical roar and dust of a public meeting.

* *When We Were Boys*. By William O'Brien, M.P. Longmans and Co. 1890.

There is another Irish novel I would have you read for the sake of its delightful humour.* The story is pleasant, and it is told in a workmanlike way; but the charm of the book is in its characters, especially old Anthony Nugent, landlord, miser, and astronomer. There are some scenes in fiction which are a perpetual refreshment to think of, and I am inclined to number amongst them Anthony's first experiment with his telescope, which he buys to study the stars, but finds most useful in detecting the bold peasantry who steal his turf. Equally good is the description of the rent-day; and Anthony's speech to his tenants comes nearer to the humours of the immortal Costigan than anything I know. "Ye don't love me, or ye'd be payin' me me rints. Ye don't love one another, or ye'd be gettin' marrid, an' that'd be good for me too, for ye'd be wantin' new houldins. An' I declare the Almighty—praise for evermore to Him!—doesn't love ye either, or He'd be takin' ye to Himsel', an' me frind the priest'd be paid for buryin' ye." Faith, that passage might make even Mr. Pater long to write in Irish.

Now, I know you are an uncompromising realist, and we are agreed that few transcriptions of fact make such vivid art as Tolstoi's study of military life in Sebastopol during the siege.† It is a rare triumph of that observation which does not overload us with details that are either nauseous or insignificant. Some French novelists would have written chapters about the horrors of the hospital, of which Tolstoi gives you glimpses which are grim and sufficient. But I have a hankering after the mystical, and I thought that an Indian story which begins with a promising hint of a reincarnation would be impressive. Nobody has been very successful with Indian mysteries since Mr. Crawford wrote *Mr. Isaacs*. (Would that he wrote as well now!) Unfortunately, the new story-teller is a 'prentice hand, and mixes up his reincarnation and his realism, his rajahs and his Englishmen, his mysterious voices and his domestic badinage, his narrative and his hero's diary, in such confusion that the fragments of the Indian Mutiny, which are thrown in pell-mell, are the only

* *The Nugents of Carriconna.* By Tighe Hopkins. Ward and Downey. 1890.

† *Sevastopol.* By Count Tolstoi. Walter Scott. 1890.

things that give substance to the book.* A different kind of disappointment awaits you in the new story by the author of *Robbery Under Arms*. Highwaymen are fascinating persons. We are never able to resist them, either in novels or on the stage. They war against society for some romantic motive, and they do unexpectedly heroic things at odd moments, like the noble outlaws in Mr. Bret Harte's tales. Indeed, Captain Starlight and Mr. John Oakhurst belong to the same family, though the one distinguished himself in Australia and the other in California. There is a rough simplicity of style in *Robbery Under Arms*, which gives a certain colour of fidelity to the devilry of the hairbreadth escapes. But Mr. Bolderwood's second experiment is rather commonplace.† The story is feebly melodramatic; the miners have nothing fresh to tell us; and the style reminds one of certain romances in which the villain never moves without "mocking smiles" and "the fires of hell." What do you think of this? "Man nor woman could ever say Algernon Malgrade's bright blue eyes and soft met them not fairly when he elected to deceive." Australian literature must "elect" something better than that.

Well, novelists are many, but literary Queens are few. I have been reading with no little interest the biography of Carmen Sylva,‡ who has the satisfaction of knowing that she has no crowned rival. The book is courtier-like, no doubt, but the most ruthless democrat may admire the Roumanian Queen's simplicity of character, her versatile sensibility, and her lyrical gift. Her reflections are not very deep, perhaps, but who expects profound philosophy from Queens? Carmen Sylva's observation is at least as subtle as anything in this stout volume of Lewis Morris.§ The Cymrian bard has written much. *The Epic of Hades* wears the laurels of many editions. This book of Mr. Lewis Morris's poesy is a distinct bid for the succession to a post which, as Mr. John Morley would say, is not yet vacant. I use an auctioneer's illustration, for, to tell you the

* *The Rajah's Heir*. Smith, Elder and Co. 1890.

† *The Miner's Right*. By Rolf Bolderwood. Macmillan and Co. 1890.

‡ *Life of Carmen Sylva*. Translated by the Baroness Deichmann. Kegan Paul and Co.

§ *The Works of Lewis Morris*. Kegan Paul and Co. 1890.

truth, Mr. Lewis Morris, however poetic himself, is not the cause of poetry in others. His Muse is a prosaic, though well-meaning lady at the best. I respect her classical knowledge. She gossips with a decent accuracy about Greek mythology, and echoes other people's thoughts in highly respectable verse. But you may search this volume through and through without finding that strong, deep note which alone can justify such pretensions. I have been told to read "The Children of the Street" and "In Trafalgar Square." It would be profanation to mention the one in the same breath with Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Cry of the Children," and the mechanical prettiness of the other is a poor exchange for the rough pathos of many of the Dagonet ballads. As for "Gwen," it would be cruel to dwell on the halting lines, the indifferent syntax, and the commonplace young ladyism of the whole composition. There are poems here and there which might be read with pleasure in a magazine: but when they are crammed together in a volume like this, with a vast quantity of verbiage about science and religion, meaning next to nothing and commended to us as a great poetic expression of the spirit of our age—well, I decline to bow down in the house of Rimmon.

Have you seen the *Cabinet Minister*, or are you deterred by the critics who say that Mr. Pinero has floundered in an impossible medley of comedy and farce? I know it is part of our business to deal in definitions, but I am tempted to borrow an illustration from Lord Salisbury, who said the other day that it was less important to discuss whether a particular measure was Socialistic than to decide whether it was necessary. I daresay that is begging the question; but I will beg anything rather than be robbed of my enjoyment of Mr. Pinero's wit and his admirable sense of character. It is said that no Cabinet Minister could possibly play the flute in private. Why, Sir Julian Twombley's "only vice" shows how carefully Mr. Pinero has gauged the capacity of several of our most blameless public servants. I never admired Mrs. John Wood so much as in this play, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith is perfect in a creation which seems to have walked out of the *Book of Snobs*. There is, indeed, an extraordinary flavour of Thackeray in the last act, especially if you can imagine the author of *Rebecca and*

Rowena burlesquing the murder of Duncan. There is not much interest in *Esther Sandraz*, save in the first act, in which Mrs. Langtry shows really remarkable force without a touch of rant, and Mr. Arthur Bourchier plays a somewhat thankless part with quiet distinction. But for an exceptionally debatable play, made plausible by histrionic skill, I commend to you *A Village Priest.* Mr. Beerbohm Tree has made a daring experiment, justified by his resource and the support of his company, notably Mr. Fred Terry. The village priest may do what no priest would or ought to do, but his simplicity is almost as real to me as the persuasive dignity of that most lovable of ecclesiastics, Mr. Irving's Dr. Primrose.

L. F. AUSTIN.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indicat tempus.—Servius. Æneid II., 501.

BOOK I.

Chapter VI.

THE QUEEN'S VISION.

THERE was silence without at last; the clamour and the tread of the Apura were hushed in the distance, dying far away, and Rei grew calm, when he heard no longer the wild song, and the clashing of the timbrels.

"I must tell thee, Eperitus," he said, "how the matter ended between the divine Prince and Meriamun. She bowed her pride before her father and her brother: her father's will was hers; she seemed to let her secret sleep, and she set her own price on her hand. In everything she was to be the equal of Pharaoh—that was her price; and in all the temples and all the cities she was to be solemnly proclaimed joint heir with him of the Upper and Lower Land. The bargain was struck and the price was paid. After that night over the game of pieces Meriamun was changed. She did not mock at the Prince, she made herself gentle and submissive to his will.

"So the time drew on till at length in the beginning of the month of the rising of the waters came the day of her bridal. With a mighty pomp was Pharaoh's daughter wedded to Pharaoh's son. But her hand was cold as she stood at the altar, cold as the hand of one who sleeps in Osiris. Proudly and coldly she sat in the golden chariot passing in and out the great gates of Tanis. Only when she listened and heard the acclaiming thousands shout *Meriamun* so loudly that the cry of *Meneptah* was lost in the echoes of her name—then only did she smile.

"Cold, too, she sat in her white robes at the feast that Pharaoh made, and she never looked at the husband by her side, though he looked kindly on her.

"The feast was long, but it ended at last, and then came the music and the singers, but Meriamun, making excuse, rose and went out, attended by her ladies. And I also, weary and sad at heart, passed thence to my own chamber and busied myself with the instruments of my art, for, stranger, I build the houses of gods and kings.

"Presently, as I sat there, came a knocking at the door, and a woman entered wrapped in a heavy cloak, and she put aside the cloak, and there before me was Meriamun in all her bridal robes.

"'Heed me not, Rei,' she said, 'I am yet free for an hour; and I would watch thee at thy labour. Nay, it is my humour; gainsay me not, for I love

well to look on that wrinkled face of thine, scored by the cunning chisel of thy knowledge and thy years. So from a child have I watched thee tracing the shapes of mighty temples that shall endure when ourselves, and perchance the very Gods we worship, have long since ceased to be. Ah, Rei, thou wise man, thine is the better part, for thou buildest in cold enduring stone and attirest thy walls as thy fancy bids thee. But I—I build in the dust of human hearts, and my will is written in their dust. When I am dead, raise me a tomb more beautiful than ever has been known, and write upon the portal, *Here dwells that tired builder, Meriamun, the Queen, in the last temple of her pride.*'

"Thus she talked wildly in words with little reason.

"'Nay, speak not so,' I said, 'for is it not thy bridal night? What dost thou here at such a time?'

"'What do I here? Surely I come here to be a child again! See, Rei, in all wide Khem there is no woman so shamed, so lost, so utterly undone as is to-night the Royal Meriamun, whom thou lovest. I am lower than she who plies the street for bread, for the loftier the spirit the greater is the fall. I am sold into shame, and power is my price. Oh, cursed be the fate of woman who only by her beauty can be great. Oh, cursed be that ancient Counsellor thou wottest of, and cursed be I who wakened That which slept, and warmed That which was a-cold in my breath and in my breast! And cursed be this sin to which he led me! Spurn me, Rei; strike me on the cheek, spit upon me, upon Meriamun, the Royal harlot who sells herself to win a crown. Oh, I hate him, hate him, and I will pay him in shame for shame—him, the clown in king's attire. See here,'—and from her robe she drew a white flower that was known to her and me—'twice to-day have I been minded with this deadly blossom to make an end of me, and of all my shame, and all my empty greed of glory. But this thought has held my hand: I, Meriamun, will live to look across his grave and break his images, and beat out the writings of his name from every temple wall in Khem, as they beat out the hated name of Hatshepu. I——,' and suddenly she burst into a rain of tears; she who was not wont to weep.

"'Nay, touch me not,' she said. 'They were but tears of anger. Meriamun is mistress of her Fate, not Fate of Meriamun. And now, my lord awaits me, and I must be gone. Kiss me on the brow, old friend, whilst yet I am the Meriamun thou knewest, and then kiss me no more for ever. At the least this is well for thee, for when Meriamun is Queen of Khem thou shalt be first in all the land, and stand on the footsteps of my throne. Farewell.' And she gathered up her raiment and cast her white flower of death in the flame of the brazier, and was gone, leaving me yet sadder at heart. For now I knew that she was not as other women are, but greater for good or evil.

"On the morrow night I sat again at my task, and again there came a knocking at the door, and again a woman entered and threw aside her wrappings. It was Meriamun. She was pale and stern, and as I rose she waved me back.

"'Has, then, the Prince—thy husband——,' I stammered.

"'Speak not to me of the Prince, Rei, my servant,' she made answer. 'Yesternight I spoke to thee wildly, my mind was overwrought; let it be forgotten—a wife am I, a happy wife:' and she smiled so strangely that I shrunk back from her.

"'Now to my errand. I have dreamed a dream, a troublous dream, and thou art wise and instructed, therefore I pray thee interpret my vision. I slept and dreamed of a man, and in my dream I loved him more than I can tell. For my heart beat to his heart, and in the light of him I lived, and all my soul was his, and I knew that I loved him for ever. And Pharaoh was my husband; but, in my dream, I loved him not. But there came a woman rising out of the sea, more beautiful than I, with a beauty fairer and more changeful than the dawn upon the mountains; and she, too, loved this godlike man, and he loved her. Then we strove together for his love, matching beauty against beauty, and wit against wit, and magic against magic. Now one conquered, and now the other; but in the end the victory was mine, and I went arrayed as for a marriage bed—and I clasped a corpse.

"'I woke, and again I slept, and saw myself wearing another garb, and speaking another tongue. Before me was the man I loved, and there, too, was the woman, wrapped about with beauty, and I was changed, and yet I was the very Meriamun thou seest. And once more we struggled for the mastery and for this man's love, and in that day she conquered me.

"'I slept, and again I woke, and in another land than Khem—a strange land, and yet methought I knew it from long ago. There I dwelt among the graves, and dark faces were about me, and I wore a gold snake for a girdle. Ah! Thou knowest it! And the tombs of the rock wherein we dwelt were scored with the writings of that dead tongue which thou knowest, and I know, Rei, though few know it save ourselves; the tongue of the land whence all our fathers came. We were all changed, yet the same, and once more the woman and I struggled for the love of a man, and though I seemed to conquer, yet a sea of fire came over me, and I woke and I slept again.

"'Then confusion was piled upon confusion, nor can my memory hold all that came to pass. For this game played itself afresh in lands, and lives, and tongues without number. Only the last bout and the winner were not revealed to me.

"'And in my dream I cried aloud to the protecting Gods to escape out of the dream, and I sought for light that I might see whence these things were. Then, as in a vision, the Past opened up its gates. It seemed that upon a time, thousand, thousand ages agone, I and this man of my dream had arisen from nothingness and looked in each other's eyes and loved with a love unspeakable, and vowed a vow that shall endure from time to time and world to world. For we were not mortal then, but partook of the nature of the Gods, being more fair and great than any of human kind, and our happiness was the happiness of Heaven. But in our great joy we hearkened to the Voice of That thou knowest, of that Thing, Rei, with which, against thy counsel, I have but lately dealt. The kiss of our love awakened that which slept, the fire of our love warmed that which was a-cold! We defied the holy Gods, worshipping them not, but rather each the other, for we knew that as the Gods we were eternal. And the Gods were angered against us and drew us up into their presence. And while we trembled they spake as with a voice:

"'"Ye twain who are one life, each completing each, because with your kisses ye have wakened That which slept, and with the fire of your love have warmed That which was a-cold: because ye have forgotten them that gave you life and love and joy: hearken to your Doom!

"'"From Two be ye made *Three*, and through all Time strive ye to be twain

again. Pass from this Holy Place down to the Hell of Earth, and though ye be immortal put on the garments of mortality. Live on from Life to Life, live and love and hate and seem to die: have acquaintance with every lot, and in your blind forgetfulness, being one and being equal, work each other's woe according to the law of Earth, and for your love's sake sin and be shamed, perish and re-arise, appear to conquer and be conquered, pursuing your threefold destiny which is one destiny, till the hours of punishment are outworn, and, at the word of Fate, the unaltering circle meets, and the veil of blindness falls from your eyes, and, as a scroll, your folly is unrolled, and the hid purpose of your sorrow is accomplished and once more ye are Twain and One."

"'Then, as we trembled, clinging each to each, again the great Voice spoke:

"'"Ye twain who are One—let That to which ye have hearkened divide you and enfold you! Be ye Three!"

"'And as the Voice spoke I was torn with agony, and strength went out of me, and there, by him I loved, stood the woman of my dream crowned with every glory and adorned with the Star. And we were three. And between him and me, yet enfolding him and me, writhed that Thing thou wottest of. And he whom I loved turned to look upon the fair woman, wondering, and she smiled and stretched out her arms towards him as one who would take that which is her own, and, Rei, in that hour, though it was but in a dream, I knew the mortal pain of jealousy, and awoke trembling. And now read thou this vision, Rei, thou who art learned in the interpretation of dreams and in the ways of sleep.'

"'Oh, Lady,' I made answer, 'this thing is too high for me, I cannot interpret it; but where thou art, there may I be to help thee.'

"'I know thy love,' she said, 'but in thy words is little light. So--so—let it pass! It was but a dream, and if indeed it came from the Under World why, it was from no helpful God, but rather from Set, the Tormentor; or from Pasht, the Terrible, who throws the creeping shadow of her doom upon the mirror of my sleep. For that which is decreed will surely come to pass! I am blown like the dust by the breath of Fate; now to rest upon the Temple's loftiest tops, now to be trodden underfoot of slaves, and now to be swallowed by the bitter deep, and in season thence rolled forth again. I love not this lord of mine, who shall be Pharaoh, and never may *he* come whom I shall love. 'Tis well that I love him not, for to love is to be a slave. When the heart is cold then the hand is strong, and fain am I to be the Queen leading Pharaoh by the beard, the first of all the ancient land of Khem; for I was not born to serve. Nay, while I may, I rule, awaiting the end of rule. Look forth, Rei, and see how the rays from Mother Isis' throne flood all the courts and all the city's streets and break in light upon Sihor's breast. So shall the Moon-child's fame flood all this land of Khem. What matters it, if ere the morn, Isis must pass to her dominion of the Dead, and the voice of Meriamun be hushed within a sepulchre?'

"So she spoke and went thence, and on her face was no bride's smile, but rather such a gaze as that with which the great sphinx, Horemku, looks out across the desert sands."

"A strange Queen, Rei," said the Wanderer, as he paused, "but what have I to make in this tale of a bride and her mad dreams?"

"More than thou shalt desire," said Rei; "but let us come to the end, and thou shalt hear thy part in the Fate."

Chapter VII.

THE KA, THE BAI, AND THE KHOU.

"The Divine Pharaoh Rameses died and was gathered to Osiris. With these hands I closed his coffin and set him in his splendid tomb, where he shall rest unharmed for ever till the day of the awakening. And Meriamun and Meneptah reigned in Khem. But to Pharaoh she was very cold, though he did her will in everything, and they had but one child, so that in a while he wearied of her loveliness.

"But hers was the master-mind, and she ruled Pharaoh as she ruled all else.

"For me, my lot was bettered; she talked much with me, and advanced me to great dignity, so that I was the first Master Builder in Khem, and Commander of the legion of Amen.

"Now it chanced that Meriamun made a feast, where she entertained Pharaoh, and Hataska sat beside him. She was the first lady about the Queen's person, a beautiful but insolent woman, who had gained Pharaoh's favour for the hour. Now wine worked so with the King that he toyed openly with the lady Hataska's hand, but Meriamun the Queen took no note, though Hataska, who had also drunk of the warm wine of the Lower Land, grew insolent, as was her wont. She quaffed deep from her cup of gold, and bade a slave bear it to the Queen, crying, 'Pledge me, my sister.'

"The meaning of her message was plain to all who heard; this waiting lady openly declared herself wife to Pharaoh and an equal of the Queen. Now Meriamun cared nothing for Pharaoh's love, but for power she did care, and she frowned, while a light shone in her dark eyes; yet she took the cup and touched it with her lips.

"Presently she lifted her own cup in turn and toyed with it, then made pretence to drink, and said softly to the King's paramour, who had pledged her:

"'Pledge me in answer, Hataska, my servant, for soon, methinks, thou shalt be greater than the Queen.'

"Now this foolish woman read her saying wrong, and took the golden cup from the eunuch who bore it.

"With a little nod to the Queen, and a wave of her slim hand, Hataska drank, and instantly, with a great cry, she fell dead across the board. Then, while all the company sat in terror, neither daring to be silent nor to speak, and while Meriamun smiled scornfully on the dark head lying low among the roses on the board, Pharaoh leaped up, mad with wrath, and called to the guards to seize the Queen. But she waved them back and, speaking in a slow, cold voice, she said:

"'Dare not to touch Khemi's anointed Queen lest your fate be as *her* fate. For thee, Meneptah, forget not thy marriage oath. What, am I Queen, and shall thy wantons throw their insolence in my teeth and name me their sister? Not so, for if my eyes be blind yet are my ears open. Peace, she is rightly served—choose thou a lowlier mistress!'

"And Pharaoh made no answer, for he feared her with an ever-growing fear. But she, sinking back in her seat of state, played with the gold kepher on her breast, and watched them bear the body forth to the House of Osiris. One by

one all the company made obeisance and passed thence, glad to be gone, till at the last there were left only Pharaoh and Meriamun the Queen, and myself—Rei the Priest—for all were much afraid. Then Pharaoh spoke, looking neither at her nor at me, and half in fear, half in anger.

"'Thou hateful woman, accursed be the day when first I looked upon thy beauty. Thou hast conquered me, but beware, for I am still Pharaoh and thy Lord. Cross my purpose once again, and, by Him who sleeps at Philæ I will discrown thee and give thy body to the tormentors and set thy soul loose to follow her whom thou hast slain.'

"Then Meriamun answered proudly:

"'Pharaoh, be warned: lift but one finger against my majesty and thou art doomed. Thou canst not slay me, but I can over-match thee, and I swear by the same oath!' By Him who sleeps at Philæ, lift but a hand against me, ay, harbour one thought of treachery, and thou diest. Not lightly can I be deceived, for I have messengers that thou canst not hear. Something, Royal Meneptah, do I know of the magic of that Queen Taia who was before me. Now listen—do this one thing and all shall be well. Go on thy path and leave me to follow mine. Queen I am, Queen I will remain, and in all matters of the State mine must be an equal voice though it is thine that speaks. And, for the rest, we are apart henceforth, for thou fearest me and, Meneptah, I love not thee, nor any man.'

"'As thou hast spoken, so be it,' quoth Pharaoh, for his heart sank, and his fear came back upon him. 'Evil was the day when first we met, and this is the price of my desire. Henceforth we are apart in bed and board, but in the council we are still one, for our ends are one. I know thy power, Meriamun, thou gifted of the evil Gods; thou needest not fear that I shall seek to slay thee, for a spear cast against the heavens returns on him who threw it. Rei, my servant, thou wert witness to our oaths; hear now their undoing. Meriamun, the Queen of ancient Khem, thou art no more wife of mine. Farewell.'

"And he went heavily and stricken with fear.

"'Nay,' she said, gazing after him, 'no more am I Meneptah's wife but still am I Khemi's dreaded Queen. Oh, thou old priest, I am aweary. See what a lot is mine, who have all things but love and yet am sick of all! I longed for power, and power is mine, and what is power? It is a rod wherewith we beat the air that straightway closes on the stroke. Yes, I tire of my loveless days and of this dull round of common things. Oh, for one hour of love and in that hour to die! Oh, that the future would lift its veil and reveal the face of time to be. Say, Rei! Wilt thou be bold and dare a deed?' And she clasped me by the sleeve and whispered in my ear, in the dead tongue known to her and me. 'Her I slew—thou sawest——'

"'Ay, Queen, I saw—what of her? 'Twas ill done.

"'Nay, 'twas rightly done and well done. But thou knowest she is not yet cold, nor for a while will be, and I have the art to drag her spirit back ere she be cold, from where she is, and to force knowledge from its lips—for being an Osiris all the future is open to her in this hour.'

"'Nay, nay,' I cried. ''Tis unholy—not lightly may we disturb the dead lest the Guardian Gods be moved to anger.'

"'Yet will I do it, Rei. If thou dost fear, come not. But I go. I am fain for knowledge and thus only may I win it. If I die in the dread endeavour write this of Meriamun the Queen: That in seeking the to-be—she found it!'

"'Nay, Royal Lady,' I answered, 'thou shalt not go alone. I, too, have some skill in magic and perchance can ward evil from thee. So, if indeed thou wilt dare this dreadful thing, behold now, as ever, I am thy servant.'

"'It is well. See, now, the body will this night be laid in the sanctuary of the Temple of Osiris, that is near the great gates, as is the custom, to await the coming of the embalmers. Come ere she be colder than my heart, come with me, Rei, to the house of the Lord of the Dead!'

"She passed to her chamber, wrapped herself about in a dark robe, and hurried with me to the temple doors, where we were challenged by the guards.

"'Who passes? In the name of the Holy Osiris, speak.'

"'Rei, the Master Builder and the anointed Priest, and with him another,' I made answer. 'Open.'

"'Nay, I open not. There is one within who may not be wakened.'

"'Who, then, is within?'

"'She whom the Queen slew.'

"'The Queen sends one who would look on her she slew.'

"Then the priest gazed on the hooded form beside me and started back, crying, 'A token, noble Rei.'

"I held up the Royal signet, and, bowing, he opened. Being come within the temple I lit the tapers that had been prepared. Then by their feeble light w passed through the outer hall till we came to the curtains that veil the sanctuary of the Holy Place, and here I quenched the tapers; for no fire must enter there, save that which burns upon the altar of the dead. But through the curtains came rays of light.

"'Open!' said Meriamun, and I opened, and hand in hand we passed in. On the altar that is in the place the flame burnt brightly. The chamber is not wide and great, for this is the smallest of the temples of Tanis, but yet so large that the light could not reach its walls nor pierce the overhanging gloom, and by much gazing scarcely could we discover the outline of the graven shapes of the Holy Gods that are upon the walls. But the light fell clear upon the great statue of the Osiris that was seated behind the altar fashioned in the black stone of Syene, wound about with the corpse cloths, wearing on his head the crown of the Upper Land and holding in his hands the crook of divinity and the awful scourge of punishment. The light shone all about the white shape of dread that was placed upon his holy knees, the naked shape of the lost Hataska who this night had died at the hand of Meriamun. There she bowed her head against the sacred breast, her long hair streaming down on either side, her arms tied across her heart, and her eyes, whence the hues of life had scarcely faded, widely staring at the darkness of the shrine. For at Tanis to this day it is the custom for a night to place those of high birth or office who die suddenly upon the knees of the statue of Osiris.

"'See,' I said to the Queen, speaking low, for the weight of the dread place sank into my heart, 'see how she who scarce an hour ago was but a lovely wanton hath by thine act been clad in majesty greater than all the glory of the earth. Bethink thee, wilt thou indeed dare to summon back the spirit to the form whence thou hast set it free? Not easily, O Queen, may it be done for all thy magic, and if perchance she answereth thee, well may it be that the terror of her words shall utterly o'erwhelm us.'

"'Nay,' she made answer. 'I am instructed. I fear not. I know by what name to call the Khou that hovers on the threshold of the Double Hall of

Truth, and how to send it back to its own place. I fear not, but if perchance thou fearest, Rei, depart hence and leave me to the task alone.'

"'Nay,' I said. 'I also am instructed and I go not. But I say to thee this is unholy.'

"Then Meriamun spake no more—but lifting up her hands she held them heavenwards and so for a while she stood, her face fixed, as was the face of dead Hataska. Then, as must be done, I drew the circle round us and round the altar and the statue of Osiris and that which sat upon his knee. With my staff I drew it, and standing therein I said the holy words which should ward away the evil things that come near in such an hour.

"Then Meriamun threw a certain powder into the flame upon the altar. Thrice she threw the powder, and as she threw it a ball of flame rose from the altar and floated away, each time that she threw did the ball of fire rise; and this it was needful to do, for by fire only can the dead be manifest, and therefore was a globe of fire given to each of the three shapes that together make the threefold spirit of the dead. And when the three globes of fire had melted into air, passing over the head of the statue of Osiris, thrice did Meriamun cry aloud:

"'*Hataska! Hataska! Hataska!*

"'By the dreadful name I summon thee.

"'I summon thee from the threshold of the Double Hall.

"'I summon thee from the Gates of Judgment.

"'I summon thee from the maw of Doom.

"'By the link of life and death that is between thee and me, I bid thee come from where thou art and make answer to that which I shall ask of thee.'

"She ceased, but no answer came. Still the cold Osiris smiled, and still the body on his knee sat with open eyes gazing into nothingness.

"'Not thus easily,' I whispered, 'may this dreadful thing be done. Thou art instructed in the Word of Fear. If thou darest, let it pass thy lips, or let us be gone.'

"'Nay, it shall be spoken,' she said—and thus she wrought. Passing to the statue she hid her head within her cloak and with both hands grasped the feet of the slain Hataska.

"Seeing this I also crouched upon the floor and hid my face, for it is death to hear that Word with an uncovered face.

"Then in so soft a whisper that scarce had its breath stirred a feather on her lips Meriamun spoke the Word of Fear which may not be written, whose sound has power to pass all space and open the ears of the dead who dwell in Amenti. Softly she said it, but in a shout of thunder it was caught up and echoed from her lips, and down the eternal halls it seemed to rush on the feet of storm and the wings of thunder so that the roof rocked and the deep foundations of the temple quivered like a wind-stirred tree.

"'Unveil, ye mortals!' cried a dreadful voice, 'and look upon the sight of fear that ye have dared to summon.'

"And I rose and cast my cloak from about my face and gazed, and then sank down in terror. For round about the circle that I had drawn pressed all the multitude of the dead; countless as the desert sands they pressed, gazing with awful eyes upon us twain. And the fire that was on the altar died away, but yet was there light, for from those dead eyes it shone, and in the eyes of lost Hataska there was light.

"And ever the faces changed, never for one beat of time did they cease to change. For as we gazed upon a face it would melt, even to the eyes, and round these same eyes again would gather but no more the same. And like the sloping sides of pyramids were the faces set about us from the ground to the temple roof—and on us were fixed their glowing eyes.

"And I, Rei, being instructed, knew that to suffer myself to be overcome with terror was death, as it was death to pass without the circle. So in my heart I called upon Osiris, Lord of the Dead, to protect us, and even as I named the ineffable name, lo! all the thousand, thousand faces bent themselves in adoration and then, turning, looked each upon the other even as though each spake to each, and changed, and swiftly changed.

"'Meriamun,' I said, gathering up my strength—'Fear not, but beware!'

"'Nay, wherefore should I fear,' she answered, 'because the veil of sense is torn, and for an hour we see those who ever are about our path and whose eyes continually do watch our most secret thought. I fear not.' And boldly she walked, even to the edge of the circle and cried:

"'All hail ye Sahus of the awful dead, among whom I also shall be numbered.'

"And as she came the changing faces shrunk away, leaving a space before her. And in the space there grew two arms, mighty and black, that stretched themselves towards her, even until there was not the length of three grains of wheat betwixt the clutching fingers and her breast.

"But Meriamun did but laugh and draw back a space.

"'Not so, thou Enemy,' she said, 'this circle thou mayest not break; it is too strong for thee. But to the work. Hataska, once again by the link of life and death, I summon thee—and this time thou must come, thou who wast a wanton and now art "greater than the Queen."'

"And as she spoke, from the dead form of the woman on Osiris' knee there issued forth another form and stood before us, as a snake issues from its slough And as was the dead Hataska so was this form, feature for feature, look for look, and limb for limb. But still the corpse rested upon Osiris' knee, for this was but the *Ka* that stood before us.

"And so the voice of Hataska in the lips of the Ka spoke:

"'What wouldest thou with me who am no more of thy company, oh thou, by whose hand the body of me did perish? Why troublest thou me?'

"And Meriamun made answer: 'This I would of thee, that thou shouldest declare unto me the future, even in the presence of this great company. Speak, I command thee.'

"And the Ka said: 'Nay, Meriamun, that can I not do, for I am but the Ka— the Dweller in the Tomb, the guardian of what was Hataska whom thou didst slay, whom I must watch through all the days of death till resurrection is. Of the future I know nought, seek thou that which knows.'

"'Stand thou on one side,' quoth the Queen, and the Dweller in the Tomb obeyed.

"Then once more she called upon Hataska and there came a sound of rushing wings. And behold, on the head of the statue of Osiris sat a great bird, feathered as it were with gold. But the bird had the head of a woman, and the face was fashioned as the face of Hataska. And thus it spoke, that was the *Bai*:

"'What wouldest thou with me, Meriamun, who am no more of thy

company. Why dost thou draw me from the Under World, thou by whose hand the body of me did perish?'

"And Meriamun said: 'This I would of thee, that thou shouldest declare unto me the future. Speak, I command thee.'

"And the Bai said: 'Nay, Meriamun, that can I not do. I am but the Bai of her who was Hataska, and I fly from Death to Life and Life to Death, till the hour of awakening is. Of the future I know nought. Seek thou that which knows.'

"'Rest thou where thou art,' quoth the Queen, and there it rested, awful to see.

"Then once more Meriamun called upon Hataska, bidding her hear the summons where she was.

"And behold the eyes of the Dead One that was upon the knee of Osiris glowed, and glowed the eyes of the Dweller in the Tomb, and of the winged Messenger who sat above. And then there was a sound as the sound of wind, and from above, cleaving the darkness, descended a Tongue of Flame and rested on the brow of the dead Hataska. And the eyes of all the thousand, thousand spirits turned and gazed upon the Tongue of Flame. And then dead Hataska spoke —though her lips moved not, yet she spoke. And this she said:

"'What wouldest thou with me, Meriamun, who am no more of thy company? Why dost thou dare to trouble me, thou, by whose hand the body of me did perish, drawing me from the threshold of the Double Hall of Truth, back to the Over World.'

"And Meriamun the Queen said, 'Oh thou *Khou*, for this purpose have I called thee. I am aweary of my days and I fain would learn the future. The future fain would I learn, but the forked tongue of That which sleeps tells me no word, and the lips of That which is a-cold are dumb! Tell me, then, thou, I charge thee by the word that has power to open the lips of the dead, thou who in all things art instructed, what shall be the burden of my days?'

"And the dread Khou made answer: 'Love shall be the burden of thy days, and Death shall be the burden of thy love. Behold one draws near from out the North whom thou hast loved, whom thou shalt love from life to life, till all things are accomplished. Bethink thee of that dream that thou didst dream ere thou didst lie on Pharaoh's bed, and read its riddle. Meriamun, thou art great and thy name is known upon the earth and in Amenti is thy name known. High is thy fate and through blood and sorrow shalt thou find it. I have spoken, let me hence.'

"'It is well,' the Queen made answer. 'But not yet mayest thou go hence. First I command thee, by the word of dread and by the link of life and death, declare unto me if here upon the earth and in this life I shall possess him whom I shall love?'

"'In sin and craft and sorrow, Meriamun, shalt thou possess him; in shame and jealous agony shall he be taken from thee by one who is stronger than thou, strong though thou art; by one more beautiful than thou, though beautiful thou art; and ruin shalt thou give him for his guerdon, and ruin of the heart shalt thou harvest for thy portion. But for this time shall she escape thee, whose footsteps march with thine, and with his who shall be thine and hers. Nevertheless, in a day to come shalt thou pay her back measure for measure, and evil for evil. I have spoken. Let me hence.'

"'Not yet, oh Khou— not yet. I have still to learn. Show me the face of her who is mine enemy, and the face of him who is my love.'

"'Thrice mayest thou speak to me, O thou greatly daring,' answered the dread Khou, 'and thrice may I make reply, and then farewell till I meet thee on the threshold of the hall whence thou hast drawn me. Look now on the face of the Hataska whom thou slewest.'

"And we looked and behold the face of dead Hataska changed, and changed the face of the Spirit, the *Ka* that stood on one side, and the face of the great bird, the *Bai*, that spread his wings about the head of Osiris. And beautiful they grew, yes, most exceeding beautiful so that it cannot be told, and the beauty was that of a woman asleep. Then lo, there hung above Hataska, as it were, the shadow of one who watched her sleeping. And his face we saw not, for, O thou Wanderer, it was hidden by the visor of a golden two-horned helm, and in that helm stood fast *the bronze point of a broken spear!* But he was clad in the armour of the people of the Northern Sea, the Aquaiusha, and his hair fell dark about his shoulders like the petals of the hyacinth flower.

"'Behold thine enemy and behold thy love! Farewell,' said the dread Khou, speaking through dead Hataska's lips, and as the words died the sight of beauty faded and the Tongue of Flame shot upwards and was lost, and once more the eyes of the thousand thousand dead turned and looked upon each other, even as though the faces spoke each to each.

"But for a while Meriamun stood silent, as one amazed. Then, awaking, she waved her hand and cried, 'Begone thou Bai! Begone thou Ka!'

"And the great bird whereof the face was as the face of Hataska spread his golden wings and passed away to his own place, and the Ka that was in the semblance of Hataska drew near to the dead one's knees, and passed back into her from whom she came. And all the thousand thousand faces melted though the fiery eyes still gazed upon us.

"Then did Meriamun cover her face and once more speak the awful word, and I also covered up my face. But, as must be done, this second time she called the Word aloud, and yet though loud she called it, but as a tiny whisper came it from her lips. Nevertheless, at the sound thereof, once more was the temple shaken as by a storm.

"Then Meriamun unveiled also, and behold again the fire burned upon the altar, and on the knees of the Osiris sat Hataska, cold and still in death, and round them was emptiness and silence.

"And Meriamun grasped me by the arm and faintly she spoke:

"'Now that all is done, I greatly fear for that which has been, and that which shall be. Lead me hence, oh Rei, son of Pames, for I can no more.'

"And so with a heavy heart I led her forth, who of all sorceresses is the very greatest. Behold, thou Wanderer, wherefore the Queen was troubled at the coming of the man in the armour of the North, in whose two-horned golden helm stands fast the point of a broken spear."

*** The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*